TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town

No man deserves respect who states falsehoods and misleads his hearers. On exposure such a man should be ostracized and no longer permitted to misguide his fellows. The man who passes false statements should thereafter be treated with the blunt suspicion that requires a convicted forger ever after to refrain from cheques and adhere in all his business transactions to the safe medium of spot cash. The forger is liable to forge again, being more likely to commit the second offence than the first—but the liar is absolutely certain to lie again. Once he starts, a stop is impossible unless by the interposition of divine grace. The only way to triumph over a remonstrating conscience is to repeat the act that provoked its displeasure. Sometimes several repetitions are necessary, sometimes one or two will suffice, but it is a truth that repetition in any offence causes traitor conscience to applaud what it had lately condemned. I am not going to risk myself in the waters of even a shallow philosophy lest they prove enough to swallow me, but with this preface will take a rap at what may be called the Great Political Falsehood encountered by us every day and repeated until it is believed even by those who speak it, viz.: That Canada is dying, is being crushed to death by an excessive national debt and cannot hold out much longer.

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It is false. Any seeming proof advanced in its favor consists in comparisons with the United States, which a moment's reflection will show to be unfair. If the Republic increases in population while the Dominion stands still, it must not be forgotten that sixty-five million people not only generate thirteen times as many as five million, but that great numbers attract from small numbers. Once a town becomes a city it grows faster than it did before. Where a village attracts one new resident, it later as a town attracts a hundred and finally as a city attracts a thousand or ten thousand. This attracted population is quite in addition to "natural increase." Every village and town gives largely of its limited populace to the vast unwieldy growth of the contiguous metropolis. When Toronto's population has more than doubled in ten years at the expense of smaller towns, why should anyone be surprised to see the same law exhibit itself in the broader affairs of two adjoining nations? Relative conditions being healthy the greater is bound to attract from the smaller. Subtract the population of the Dominion from that of the Republic and the result gives the preponderating human attraction that draws from us those who have no stake amongst us and those who approach this continent in quest of homes. Suppose an Englishman decides to come to the New World to make a fortune and then return—the usual dream of roving young man—his thoughts turn by some mental preference to the United States, for not only is he familiar with the name of that country and its affairs, owing to wars and diplomatic skirmishes between the governments, but he is more apt to have relatives and friends among its sixty-five millions than among our five millions. Kinship and friendship do great things for colonization, for if fifty families can be induced to settle anywhere and helped to prosper, they soon persuade hundreds of friends to join them and build up a settlement. In one generation a Smith may come to America and do so well that in the next generation twenty Smiths will imitate their uncle. Therefore if the Republic attracted ten Uncle Smiths to our one in the last generation, there is nothing surprising in the fact that it secures two hundred Nephew Smiths to our twenty in this generation. Nor would it be very astonishing either if personal influence should intervene on ship board to persuade our twenty Smiths to pass our door and accompany the two hundred other Smiths to the better known nation further south. It is not surprising because it is the result of natural laws.

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Take a financial parallel to illustrate the position of the Republic and the Dominion. A man with sixty-five thousand dollars can not only realize thirteen times as much interest from a quiet investment of his capital as can the man with only five thousand dollars, but as the latter cannot live on his interest and must put it into trade, the other may become his rival and drive such an opposition that the poorer man requires all his shrewdness to hold his own at times. If he can even barely ho'd his own until the merits of his wares and the uprightness of his methods counteract the popular tendency to patronize the big man who makes the big noise and keeps the big store, he is well content. If either one is to go under, it is the poor man; if either one is to amass the fortune of the other, or part of it, it is the rich man. Yet if the poor man by close figuring can meet his obligations in February, he can gain ground in October and November. If he can even barely hold his own in time of pressure he can do better when relieved of that pressure. With such a vast disparity of capital invested, each should not expect the same profits. Whatever they may expect, it is true that they do not make even the same proportion of progress. No matter how well the small capitalist may prosper, the other does better still, and there is a growing disparity in their fortunes, for the superior wealth of the latter enables him to seize chances that the other covets in vain. It is the same with nations. Wealth begets wealth; dollars beckon unto dollars; men mingle with men, for the more numerous the crowd the more easy the art of pocket-picking, and the better the chance of stumbling upon somebody's lost fortune. People who desire to live by their wits must go to large centers of population in search of others who are deficient in wits; those who possess nothing but strong arms must go to large centers where much capital employs much labor. Therefore the Republic has the best of the Dominion in these several respects: Its natural increase is thirteen times as large; it has thirteen residents for our one writing persuading letters to relatives at home; it offers thirteen times the opportunities to the man who intends to live by his wits; it seems to offer thirteen times the opportunities to the exiles from all foreign lands who, having no money, are scanning the earth for a bare chance to work and live; it, being a nation, has means of advertising itself in every newspaper in all the world and is granted a place in every geography, printed in every tongue. It is no discredit to us that the Republic has all these advantages over the Dominion. If it has thirteen times our population now, it is well to remember that when the Republic was born more than a century ago it comprised thirteen colonies while Canada consisted of but one small colony on the banks of the St. Lawrence. The Republic is bound to outdo the Dominion for a time even in the proportion of progress made. Natural laws will ordain it so until the notoriety of its pauperism and vice shall overtake the fame of its wealth and vaunted equality of citizenship, and then this great new land will be famed afar as the garden of the earth. Development here will not be postponed until the Republic begins to wane, but only until a pause occurs in its fabulous growth, and then we will pull up alongside. The disparity that at first and for a long time grew rapidly will diminish with equal rapidity once the movement commences. We have but to stand fast and make ready. There are causes for complaint in the government of the country; there are imperfections in the administrative policy of every human government, and critics will say and prove that any and every government not only falls far short of perfection, but far short of what critics think would be easily attainable. There are crooks and deformities in the policy of our Government, but I have no patience with those who say we are on the brink of ruin because we are not growing in proportion with the neighboring Republic. The singular progress of the United States, if rightly understood, should be the greatest encouragement to us as indicating what the great loom of Time will weave for Canada in her turn.

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But the Great Political Falsehood is based chiefly on our national debt. We are told that every man, woman and child in this hapless country is branded with a mortgage of fifty dollars per head—a mortgage that the citizen cannot pay off, but on which he must pay heavy interest and groan under, while it grows and crushes him to the earth. Then those who tell us this stand back and watch the melancholy commit suicide, the apoplectic expire in a spasm of dread, and the timid emigrate to escape the foreclosure of this mortgage, and outstrip fast impending ruin. The persistency with which this per capita weight of debt is squeezed upon the tender crowns of the rising generation has a tendency to make them flat-headed, and politicians consciously commit a wrong in thus deforming the young mind with misinformation. The national debt of Canada is made a bug-bear to our people, when in fact it should not give the least cause for alarm. Our debt is about fifty dollars per head, while that of the United States is only about twenty-five dollars per head. That comparison is always used, but I object to that comparison for a reason given above: That a millionaire with an old established business should possess a better footing than a beginner with a very small capital. A man without capital must use his credit if he would undertake anything large, but when his ships come home from their long voyage he can discharge his indebtedness and be a millionaire in his own right. There are other nations in the world besides the neighboring Republic with which comparisons may be instituted.

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Canada possesses forty per cent. of the area of the whole British Empire, but her national debt is only about four per cent. of the aggregate national debt of the whole Empire. That is not so bad. We do not seem to be as near the verge of ruin as some other people of whose perils we hear nothing. Every human being in Great Britain carries a mortgage of over eighty-seven dollars on his head—for it is a peculiarity about national debts that the citizen is always represented as carrying his share of it around on the top of his head. Do you not feel the weight on your own skull lighter as you think of the Briti hers, especially as so many of them are paupers who could not pay their shares to escape hanging? In prosperous and gold-bedazzled Australia every man, woman and child in New South Wales carries around over two hundred dollars of national debt upon their heads; in South Australia everyone carries over three hundred dollars, and in Queensland more still. Feeling better yourself now, call your little son and tell him to be thankful that he was born under such favorable auspices and in this happy young land where the national debt is next to nothing. The debt of France puts over one hundred and fifty dollars upon the head of everyone in the country, and New Zealand, Tasmania, Belgium, Greece, Italy, the Netherlands, Portugal, Spain, Turkey, Egypt, Brazil, Argentine Republic, Peru and Uruguay, all these countries have national debts larger per head than that of Canada—many of them twice as large and several of them three times greater. Do you suppose there is any truth in the dolorous story that Canada's borrowing power is nearly exhausted? Size up the situation and you will know it to be false. These are facts that men of woe-begone face should administer to themselves. If carefully digested they will work a marvelous change in the political despairist. It seems to me that even if we credit the United States with being as blessed and prosperous a country as some among us depict it to be, yet Canada's condition is no just cause for tears. If ours is not the most prosperous country in the world at the present moment, we should not be counselled to give up the contest. This is a big world and second best is not bad for a young colony with eventful centuries stretching invitingly before its light feet. That our country is second best is admitted even by those who implore us to fly to the mountains, for they never venture to measure any country but one against Canada. And I repeat it is not surprising that the Republic should for a time lead the Dominion in growth and development since, with almost equal natural resources, it had a century the start of us. In its infancy it stood alone with no rival to contest for the elements that promoted its growth; while it, strong and aggressive, has been our competitor all the way along, luring men and money past our door. This is a great country and Canada is all right, if her people only refuse to be misled and disheartened by the Great Political Falsehood.

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Mercier was defeated with great slaughter on Tuesday. Many of you readers may discover in time that the devil is not so black as he is painted, though as for me I am never likely to know more of his color than can be deciphered at this distance. Quebec is better than it was painted at all events. This may be no parallel; it may be nothing on which to safely base color calculations affecting the hereafter, but it is very reassuring when considering the purely human affairs of men. The French Canadians are evidently moved by those good impulses that we have been somewhat complacently appropriating as our own. Mercier and his scarred buccaneers who terrorized the main deserved to be wiped out, but in Ontario we thought our beloved fellow countrymen had not the horse-sense to do the job. It has been done and so thoroughly as to stagger the most expectant, however, and Quebec has escaped a serious injury that it seemed bent on inflicting upon its reputation. There is something reassuring, I say, in the established fact that what we call thievery in our blunt English is known by some equally discreditable word in the jabbering language that, by a calamity of birth, the people of the adjoining province are doomed to speak.

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Supposing, for argument's sake, that Mr. Mowat were to commit the various offences charged against the vanquished Count, and were to win at the polls with such a majority as the latter had in 1890, I do not believe that Ontario would reject him and his evil deeds so overwhelmingly as Quebec did Mercier. We would hum and haw and quibble, extenuate and qualify, and while the wrong-doers would no doubt be defeated there would be no such complete reversal as we have just witnessed. When it comes right down to the fine point, then, is Quebec more valiant for honesty than Ontario? The above comparison would seem to suggest this unless the result of Tuesday was promoted by something outside of the moral issue referred to. But the powerful Church may have interposed, in fact did interpose, to procure the condemnation of a great evil-doer; otherwise I think the unassisted public conscience would have failed to prompt the country against him. The Church, when it assumes the right to instruct its children at will in their political duty, accepts an unwritten obligation to instruct them vigorously and wisely in a crisis. Believing in non-interference by the clergy, yet it seems to me that the Church, after establishing the custom of interfering, is remiss in its duty when it fails to interfere at a grave moment. After people are taught obedience and drilled in executing commands when their own judgment was a sufficient guide, they are entitled to leadership and can demand orders in time of difficulty. A policy of non-interference should not be commenced in a crisis, for the people, long accustomed to accept even distasteful commands, are unfit to form their own opinion. If the priesthood fails to instruct them they fall into the hands of worse guides. Therefore, I say, the clergy of Quebec, so far from being blameworthy for interfering in this election, were under a strict and sacred obligation to do so.

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Cash, that other persuader, working sometimes against and as often with the Church, was not so active in this election as ordinarily. Without either, Mercier was indeed undone. He entered this conflict aided by little else than the remarkable wits that were his only inheritance. Yet he hoped to win, and it is not surprising since those wits had achieved so much for him before—made him leader of an ancient party, given him a triumph over strong opponents with a small and cross-grained following, and afterwards enabled him to finance millions out of an empty treasury. Both sides in this fight felt clumsy and uncertain, for against their liking they were trying a new experience, carrying on a cashless campaign. The treasury was empty, as De Boucherville found to his sorrow, and Mercier's misdeeds had closed the generous hand of Dominion Liberalism against him. They fought with new weapons, these old warriors, and who shall marvel at their clumsiness? They appealed to the virtues of the people and stopped there. Heretofore they had secretly referred the virtuous to some quiet nook where the price of virtue was promptly paid in cash. These glittering generalities about honesty and an affronted public sentiment were such pretty prefaces to the nook and corner cash transactions which had come to be revered almost like religious observances, that there must have been great disappointment in all directions. These be strange times in Quebec!

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It is not a bare event that interests the people as a rule, but the effect of the event. Now that a Conservative Government in Quebec can approach a Conservative Government at Ottawa and ask for a special grant, we have grounds for fearing that Federal cash will fill the monetary vacuum created by Mercier, the magician. DaBoucherville will tell Abbott that nature abhors a vacuum and it will be necessary to dispel that feeling of abhorrence before anything can be done. After redeeming a province the new Premier of Quebec can make a strong plea for financial favors, not the least strong consideration among others being this, that if a Federal grant is secured with apparent ease by a Provincial Tory from a Dominion Tory, then purse-lean Quebec will quickly see the advantage of sustaining the power of this lucky combination. I do not share the professed confidence of so many among us who say Mr. Abbott is too strong both in character and support to yield to solicitations for financial aid. He has a thought for the morrow as well as another man, and there is reason to suppose that he has all along had as complete an under-

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standing with De Boucherville as existed between Laurier and Mercier. One thing should be fearlessly spoken by the press of Ontario and by our representatives at Ottawa: This Province will not consent to any further special grants whatever, and if anything at all is done it must be a new and final readjustment of the subsidies. The former adjustment was intended to be final, but having experienced its weakness there is no doubt but that an unalterable arrangement can be arrived at. A conference on this subject may as well be held and the whole difficulty settled for good and all.

The London case has scarcely improved in appearance since last week. It is said, and evidence indicates the truth of the statement, that the Tories have not carried their case to the Supreme Court at all, and do not intend to do so. County Judge Elliott of Middlesex, who by a coincidence of judgment with Tory desires from first to last of this case has come in for much Grit abuse, has decided that the disputed votes were genuine and that Carling was fairly elected. The *Globe* pronounces this an outrage; the *Empire* says it practically puts an end to contention. I would simply say that in a former stage of this case the Court of Queen's Bench reversed a decision given by Judge Elliott, with the remark that his finding was passable in law but deficient in equity. It has been Judge Elliott and the literal style of law dispensed by him that has caused the whole trouble in London. The revising barrister was willing to let the Grits argue against the objectionable names, but Judge Elliott was consulted and while disclaiming authority to interfere, gave a written opinion that the notices of objection were insufficient. On being confronted with this opinion the revising officer refused to hear argument against the objectionable names. The Court of Queen's Bench scouted the judge's opinion and ordered the officer to hear argument. He did so, with the result that he was persuaded the names were not good and so struck them off. Now Judge Elliott has been called upon and declares the revising officer wrong and the names good. There should be a chance and the chance should be accepted of carrying this decision of Judge Elliott to the Court of Queen's Bench, where his last decision was found defective. But that is not the point, nor would that clear up the matter. The deplorable trick of the thing consists in the fact that a bunch of names decided by the revising barrister to be worthless, were, in defiance of that decision, printed in the lists and made use of to elect Carling, and the high-handed proceeding left to be justified after the election in some way not then determined. The crime of the thing lies in this, that the Tories, being in power, made a use of the Franchise machinery and the courts that the Grits could not have made if the situation had been exactly reversed. If the revising officer had knocked out a big bunch of Grit names they would not have been printed and the time was too short to get a decision establishing the validity of the names and ordering that they be included in the list. A crime may be committed in conformity with law if the criminals engineer the law.

One of the morning papers in telling of a poisoning case states that the physician arrived and at once administered anecdotes to the relief of the sufferers. A greater display should surely have been made of this new departure in medicine. If an anecdote will do the work it is a shame to permit people in rural parts to administer soap and other highly offensive things to children who sup soup intended for potato bugs. The medical journals will no doubt discuss the new method with great learning and at great length, and deep discussions will arise as to whether the result is achieved by arousing a feeling of revulsion or one of delight. This will lead to the question as to whether tedious or funny anecdotes are superior as emetics. One thing seems certain: The doctor must become a man of ready reminiscence, and must carry jokes around in his tool chest.

MAUK.

Social and Personal.

Mrs. F. J. MacIntyre will receive at the Arlington on Tuesdays and Fridays, March 15, 18, 22 and 25.

Miss Dolly Shaw of Brussels and Miss Minnie Campbell of Listowel are visiting Mrs. Leckie, 38 Earl street. Mrs. Leckie gave a very pleasant dance in honor of her fair guests last Thursday week.

Mrs. Hugh Ryan and family, of Holydene, Rosedale, left Monday for a two months' sojourn in the orchard groves of Florida and the principal places of interest in the south.

A jolly time was spent by a number of the members of the Toronto Canoe Club last Tuesday evening at the residence of Mr. W. St. Croix, North street. Mr. McMillan, who is leaving for Vancouver, assisted the host. Progressive euchre was played, after which the company repaired to the dining-room, and it is almost needless to add that the boys did ample justice to the elegant supper prepared for them. Among those present I noticed Messrs. T. and R. Elgie, A. and C. Shaw, H. Musson, H. Ford, H. R. Tilley, G. R. Baker, G. Sparrow, H. Wright, T. Stewart, M. Corley, H. Fortier and several others.

The Toronto Amateur Dramatic Club are busy rehearsing a three-act comedy, which was produced at the Madison Square Theater, New York, some time ago, and will be entirely new to Toronto audiences. The following well known talent make up a strong amateur cast: Miss Jardine Thompson, Miss Gaby G. Ince, Miss Beatrice Roberts, Mr. Clayton Ambery, Mr. William Kirkpatrick, Mr. Lyon Foster, Mr. Gerald Donaldson and others. The club will give a presentation of their play some time in April for "sweet charity's" sake.

Mr. Ernest A. Lowndes of the Bank of British North America has returned from a visit to his home in England.

Mrs. Columbus Greene gave a delightful luncheon last Tuesday. Among her guests were the Misses Beatty, Frances Smith, Arthurs and others.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Skynner of Sudbury are visiting Mrs. W. H. Draper of Spadina avenue. Mr. Skynner, who is the secretary of the Sudbury Customs Smelting Co., is here on business connected with the company.

Mrs. and Miss Nicholson of The Anchorage, Parkdale, gave a most enjoyable dance on Shrove Tuesday in honor of their guest, Miss Jennie Davis of Aylmer. Among the guests were: Misses McConnell, Powers, Sampson, Westman, Murdock, Martin, Perry, Harris and Nicholson, and Messrs. Sampson, Fletcher, Lee, Murdock, Davis, Gundry, Clutton, Harris, Kelley, Laidlaw, Westman, Perry, Mathew, Beasley.

The ladies of St. Catharines are to be highly congratulated upon the efficient manner in which they arranged and concluded the most delightful ball which has ever been held in their city. Every detail of the *affaire brillante* showed forth the culture and refinement of the hospitable matrons and lovely maidens who graced the floor of Victoria Chambers on Thursday evening, February 25. Kerher's orchestra of Buffalo discoursed sweet music for the happy terpsichoreans, and Harry Webb of Toronto served his luxurious viands in his usual good form. The majority of the three hundred and fifty invitations sent out were responded to affirmatively. The patrons of the ball were: His Honor Judge Senkler, Messrs. T. R. Merritt, T. B. Bate, W. H. McClive, H. G. Hunt, J. C. Rykert, Capt. Neelon, Dr. Clark, Sheriff Dawson, Dr. Goodman and Capt. Larkin. The fair committee was composed of Mesdames H. M. Helliwell, E. H. Neelon, J. T. Groves, J. H. Ingersoll and Misses Mack, Hunt, Bate, Larkin, Currie, Woodruff, Clark, McCallum, Murray and St. John. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. W. H. McClive, Mr. and Mrs. Arnold, Mr. and Mrs. Cross, Mr. and Mrs. Bixby, Mrs. Haynes, Mrs. G. D. Woodruff, Mr. and Mrs. W. Woodruff, Miss Ida Woodruff, Mr. and Mrs. M. Neelon, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Helliwell, Sheriff and Mrs. Dawson, Mrs. and the Misses Mack, Mrs. T. L. Helliwell, Mr. and Mrs. Davis, Mrs. and Miss St John, Captain, Mrs. and the Misses Larkin, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Ingersoll, the Misses Bodnell, the Misses Bate, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Hunt, Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Merritt, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Merritt, Judge and Mrs. Senkler, Captain, Mrs. and the Misses Murray, Mr. and Mrs. A. Jukes, Miss King, Captain and Mrs. Neelon, and Messrs. Cromble, Collier, Reynolds, Complin, Helliwell, Sanson, Wemyss, Boyle, Chatterton, Ramage, Fuller, Woodruff, McCallum, Burson, Moore, Read, Hostetter, Bate, Coy, Price, McClean, Steen, Nelles, Milloy of Niagara, Drs. Stacy and Trow of Toronto, White, Hoot of Woodstock, King, Dawson, Shaw, Carlisle and others. Some of the most striking costumes were: Mrs. St. John, black satin and jet; Mrs. Mack, black and white striped moire and white lace; Mrs. T. L. Helliwell, black satin, black lace and diamonds; Mrs. Larkin, black and gray passementerie; Mrs. Heward Helliwell, pale green brocade and *chiffon*; Mrs. Davis, pale blue gauze; Mrs. Ingersoll, white silk and *chiffon*; Mrs. E. Neelon, yellow silk; Mrs. McClive, red net with black ostrich tips; Mrs. Groves, black and yellow with buttercups; Miss St. John, pale blue striped *crepe*; Miss Larkin, heliotrope *crepe* and violets; Miss Annie Larkin, white embroidered *crepe*, crystal trimming; Miss Margaret Larkin, pink embroidered gauze; Miss Mack, white moire satin, white *crepe*, crystal trimming; Miss Carrie Mack, white bengaline, gold trimming; Miss E. Bate, blue satin and *chiffon*; Miss Hunt, pink *crepe*, satin trimmings; Miss Gillard of Hamilton, pale pink and blue surah; Miss Ross of Toronto, pink satin and swansdown; Miss Shaw, white *crepe*; Miss Murray, pale green gauze embroidered; Miss M. Murray, heliotrope embroidered *chiffon*; Mrs. Charles Holmes of Toronto, pale pink bengaline and Irish point lace; Miss Woodruff, white gauze and crystal fringe; Mrs. W. T. Benson, black and white moire; Mrs. A. Woodruff pale green silk and white lace; Mrs. W. Murray, heliotrope silk; Miss Bodwell, yellow china silk and *crepe*; Miss King, pale blue nun's veiling; Miss K. Clark, white and yellow; Miss B. Clark, scarlet *chiffon*; Miss Dawson, pink China silk; Miss M. Dawson, yellow silk and *chiffon*; Miss Bates, white silk and lace.

Mrs. Noxon of Bathurst street gave a delightful progressive euchre party on Wednesday week in honor of her daughter Lotta. The prizes were exceedingly pretty and appropriate, and were won by Mr. W. C. Noxon, Miss Pease, Miss Hamilton and Mr. J. S. Farleigh. Among those invited were Dr. and Mrs. R. J. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Clissold, Miss Dill, Miss Hamilton, Miss Doyle, Miss MacLean, Miss Pease, Miss Hambly, Miss Maud Noxon, Miss Rose Barker of New York, Miss Kleiser, Miss Talcott of Picton, and the Misses MacFarlane, Messrs. W. C. and J. Noxon, G. P. Sharkey, W. White, J. S. Farleigh, W. P. Lumbers, G. A. Baker, N. MacLean, W. Wallbridge, J. H. Barker and F. H. Skerrett of Hamilton. After supper dancing was enjoyed to music furnished by the Sims Richards family.

A pleasant evening party was given on Tuesday week by Miss and Mr. Theo Dawe at their home, 59 Shafford street. The singing of Miss Jessie Morton was a feature of the evening. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs Dawe, Miss Jennie Morton, Miss May Flower, Miss M. Thompson, Miss F. Levack, Miss D. Coxon, Miss Easton, the Misses A. and J. Jones, Miss L. Richey, Miss M. Wheler, Mr. A. W. Williams, Mr. W. Easton, Mr. W. J. Cluff, Mr. J. S. Fraleigh, Mr. F. A. Hirdman, Mr. H. Richey, Mr. A. J. Blake and Mr. H. Ades Fowler.

Mrs. E. B. LeRoy welcomed her nieces, the Misses A. C. and Laura Little, on their return from Barrie, by holding an At Home in their honor. The function was most enjoyable and successful.

Miss Giddings is having great success in her efforts to instruct the ladies of Toronto in the art of self-culture. She is now organizing a fresh set of classes for the Lenten season

The much talked of Sanford wedding took place in Knoxville, Tenn., and was an event of great interest and magnificence. The bride wore white satin, point lace and some elegant diamonds, and carried an exquisite bouquet of orchids. The following extract is taken from a Knoxville paper. Want of space this week prevents a fuller clipping: "The parlors were elaborately decorated with Easter lilies, callas and sweet hyacinths, all pure white. The doors were hung with garlands of smilax caught together in the center with immense true-lovers' knots of white hyacinths. The halls were banked with lilies and white azaleas. In the dining-room the decorations of the table were most noticeable. Streamers of white *chiffon* trimmed with smilax were draped from the chandeliers to the four corners of the table, which was spread with an elaborate lace cover. As throughout the house, the floral decorations were in white and green with the exception of a magnificent bowl of pink orchids, which formed a striking contrast to the surrounding carnations and roses. Another feature of the occasion was the brilliant illumination of the beautiful grounds surrounding Col. Sanford's elegant home. Hundreds of gas jets, artistically arranged, sparkled along the well kept drive-ways and amid the stately trees, suggesting to the imagination pleasing visions of fairyland. From an alcove in the main upper hall, where was stationed a full orchestra, issued forth strains of sweetest music. Chief among those guests who had come from abroad were the entire family of Hon. William E. Sanford, a distinguished member of the Canadian senate, who were present to witness the marriage of an only son and brother. Other visiting guests were Miss Van Gasabeck of Albany, Mr. and Mrs. Fredericks of Lockhaven, Penn., Mr. Sanford Evans of Hamilton, Dr. Robinson of Toronto, Mrs. Jacob Mercereau of Orange, N.J., and Mr. Alfred H. Ogden of New York. A more elegant collection of bridal presents was never received, consisting of magnificent jewels, silver, cut glass, etc. These were not displayed. Mr. and Mrs. Sanford left on a special car attached to No. 3 for an extended southern tour, first visiting New Orleans, where they witnessed the Mardi Gras festivities. On their return after a short stay in Knoxville they will go to their home in Hamilton and will carry with them the best wishes of a host of friends."

The dance of the season at Georgetown was the leap year party given by the ladies of the town on Friday evening in the Town Hall. There were no wallflowers, and the gentlemen who were so unfortunate as to ask a lady to dance, or cross the room without a lady, paid their fine of ten cents without a murmur. Mr. R. Galbraith of the Toronto Wanderers carried off the prize bouquet, he being the "beau of the ball." The patrons were Messrs. J. R. Barber, Wheeler, McLeod, Aldous, Barclay, C. C. Rice, Beaumont and R. B. Harber. Among the guests were Mrs. Rowe, Mrs. Colton, Mrs. McGill, Miss E. Dixon of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. McLeod, Mr. and Mrs. Aldous, Mr. and Mrs. Roe, Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Barber, Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler, Mr. and Mrs. J. Barber, Dr. and Mrs. Ault, Mr. and Mrs. Barclay, Mr. and Mrs. Beaumont, Mrs. Wm. Barber, Mrs. Ruston, Mrs. M. Barber, the Misses A. and F. Foote, Gulton, Bell, J. and F. Bradley, N. and J. McLeod, Lyons, Ryan, Lamb, Cummings, A. and J. Bessey, K. and J. McDermid, De Forest, Baillie, Goodwillie, Dixon, Messrs. W. P. Thompson, G. W. Badgerow, B. Galbraith, G. Cottrell of Toronto, D. Sterton, H. Heuclerson of Acton, F. Joyce of Oakville, Reid McKenzie, F. and B. Barber, R. McLeod, J. Roy H. Dalrymple, J. McLeod, Gutton, Creelman, Galbraith, Bell, Freeman, Ruston, Holdroyd, Williams, Clark, Goodwillie, Barclay, Ryan, Wheeler, Bradley.

Mr. and Miss Staunton of Jarvis street gave a lovely progressive euchre party on Monday of last week. Twelve tables were filled and a very interesting struggle for the pretty prizes was the result.

Mrs. Bendelari gave a luncheon party on Friday in honor of Mrs. J. Stanton King.

The Misses Arthurs gave a very charming tea on Friday of last week at which a goodly company of fashionable folk assembled. Among those present I noticed Mrs. Bristol, Mrs. Sweatman, Mrs. Douglas and Miss Armour, the Misses Beatty, Miss Frances Smith, Miss Dick, the Misses Bethune, Mrs. Macdonald, Miss Leys, Miss Greene, Miss Lulu Goodeham, Mrs. Cecil Lee, Mrs. Bouse, and Messrs. Sweatman, Dudgeon, Laurie, Harrison, Bogart, Kelly and Evans.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Score gave a large dinner party on Wednesday in celebration of the fiftieth birthday of the alderman. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Willmot C Matthews, Mr. and Mrs. George C. Hamilton, Dr. and Mrs. A. Smith, Dr. and Mrs. J. B. Hall, etc.

Dr. and Mrs. Andrew Smith entertained Mr. Dudgeon at a dinner on Saturday last.

The fair daughter of one of our wealthiest citizens is to be married to a popular New York clergyman in June. Further particulars in due time.

A very enjoyable euchre party was given by the Misses Beatty of the Queen's Park on Thursday of last week.

Miss Jessie Macdonald of Wellington street gave a pretty progressive euchre party last Monday.

At St. Paul's church, Woodstock, on Wednesday, March 2, Miss Margaret, daughter of Mr. Warren Totton, Q. C., was married to Mr. W. F. Ireland of Winnipeg. Mr. C. L. Neiles of Guelph was a guest and Mr. G. B. Ball of Toronto one of the ushers.

Mrs. O. P. St. John of Cameron street is spending this year with her husband in Vancouver, British Columbia. The climatic influences of the west have proved most beneficial to Mr. St. John's health, and his many friends will be glad to know that his sojourn has been so far extremely pleasant.

Miss Johnston of Toronto is a guest at the Hotel Vancouver, B. C.

Mrs. G. H. Williams of 97 Gloucester street gave a small dinner party last Thursday week.

At the annual meeting of the Boys' Home last Tuesday Mrs. McMaster, the treasurer who is one of the most energetic and self-sacrificing of our charitable workers, was presented by the lady managers of the home with a magnificent piano lamp, an ebony tea table and an exquisite tea set of Doulton china.

The fashionable world turned out in full force to welcome the Kendals last week. Mr. and Mrs. Edward Blake, Mr. and Mrs. S. Nordheimer, Mr. and Mrs. D'Alton McCarthy, Mrs. Fitz-Gibbon, Mr. and Mrs. Langmuir, Mrs. Heinemann, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Brophy, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Crowther, Mr. and Mrs. A. Nordheimer, Mrs. McKinnon, Mr. and Mrs. Gibson, Mrs. Bunting, Mrs. Riordan, Mrs. Proctor, Miss Alice Bunting, Miss Bickford, Mrs. Barwick, Mr. and Mrs. R. Capreol, the Misses Seymour, Mr. and Mrs Hodgson, Mr. and Mrs. Janes, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Beatty, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Mr. and Mrs. Manning and party, and almost all the well known society folk of Toronto were at one or more of the performances.

Guelph has given another charming bride to Toronto society circles. The Guelph *Mercury* gives the following notes on the wedding of Mr. T. J. McIntyre and Miss Carrie Stevenson: "Sunset, the residence of Dr. Foster, brother-in law of the bride, was the scene of an unusually brilliant wedding last evening, when Miss Carrie A. Stevenson, daughter of Mr. William Stevenson of Maple Bank, ex-Mayor of the city, was married to Mr. Thomas McIntyre of Toronto. The house was ablaze with light and presented a scene of great beauty and animation, each of the large and commodious rooms being decorated with palms, calla lilies, and festooned with smilax and beautiful flowers. The stairway was draped with bunting, red, white and blue, which, taken with the rich and gorgeous costumes of the ladies, made a scene which the eye delighted to rest upon. At the appointed time the orchestra performed a wedding march and the bride entered the room leaning on the arm of her father. She was attended by two bridesmaids, her sister, Miss Maud, and Miss Lamport of Toronto. The ladies were becomingly attired, the bride being robed in heavy white faille silk, with Anne of Austria collar of ostrich tips, brocade front and sleeves, a weeping train, banded with ostrich feather trimming and orange blossoms. She wore the regulation Brussels veil, and carried a handsome bouquet of white roses; at her throat was a beautiful diamond brooch, the gift of the groom. Miss Maud Stevenson was dressed in pale blue silk trimmed with embroidered *liase*, lace and pearls, and carried a large bouquet of pink roses. Miss Lamport wore cream surah, banded with silver passementerie, and carried a bouquet of yellow roses. Each of the bridesmaids wore handsome diamond pins, gifts of the groom. The groomsmen were Mr. G. A. Scholfield of Peterborough and Mr. Higinbotham of New York. Mr. and Mrs. McIntyre departed on the evening train for a tour of the American cities amid a shower of rice and the best wishes of all. The presents comprised everything known in silver, china and glass, conspicuous among them being a sterling silver coffee set from Mr. and Mrs. Clark of Newark, N.J., a music cabinet from the choir of St. Andrew's church, and a massive marble clock presented by members of the Atheneum Club of Toronto, accompanied by a beautiful illuminated address. Among the invited guests were: Dr. and Mrs. Mathieson, Mr. and Mrs. Fraleigh, Miss Sanderson, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. McIntyre, Mr. and Mrs. Macaulay, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Mills, Miss Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. Lamport, Miss Lamport, Miss Lizzie Lamport, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Hannon, Rev. J. C. and Mrs. Smith, Rev. E. B. and Mrs. Stevenson, Col. and Mrs. Higinbotham, Mr. and Mrs. Tytler, Miss Yule, Mr. Green, Mr. and Mrs. Clark of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Clark of Newark, Mr. Birks, Mr. and Mrs. Snowden, Mr. and Mrs. Barry, Dr. Beemer, Mr. F. Scarff, Miss Scarff, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh McMillan, Mr. and Mrs. Lindsay Torrance, Mr. and Mrs. Charles McGill, Mr. Vernon McGill, Mr. and Mrs. Harrington, Mr. and Mrs. Jackson, Mr. and Mrs. Kirkland, Mr. George Campbell, Miss Campbell.

I am requested to state that Miss Clara Smith, who gave the dance noticed in these columns last week, is the daughter of Mr. W. B. Smith of 90 Wellesley street.

Mr. Justice and Mrs. Burton gave a dinner party on Thursday evening last.

Mrs. Macdonald of Simcoe street gave an afternoon tea last Wednesday, which was much enjoyed by her guests.

A feature of the more limited hospitalities of

(Continued on Page Eleven.)

PARIS KID GLOVE STORE

French Gloves just arrived, in the new shades of Brown, Tan, Green, and made with our special stitching "double briar."

Our Millinery Showrooms are now open and complete with the newest designs in French and English millinery.

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Each 1 vol., 16mo, cloth, with neat stamping in gold. Price, each 75 cents.

JAMES BAIN & SON, SOCIETY STATIONERS, TORONTO

Frills and Fancies.

MAKING calls it is now the custom to wear a long cloak, which is dropped in the reception-room, and the drawing room is entered in a pretty visiting costume without wrap of any sort.

*

The bonnet of 1892 is what every woman would pronounce "a little dream." Resting close to the hair is a band of black ostrich feather trimming. Another band outlines the crown of the bonnet, the foundation of which is pale green *crepe* studded with black nail heads. Black velvet ribbons arranged in an artistic bow finish the top, and mingled with them is a feathery pompon of green and jet. The black velvet tie-strings are broad, and end in a large bow under the chin.

*

The Easter is a bewitching little bonnet. A band of forget-me-nots rests upon the hair, above which is a fluted flounce of black velvet. The crown has the Tam O'Shanter effect and is of forget-me-not blue *crepe*, a cluster of black jets finishes the back, an algrette of blue feathers studded with jets waves gracefully just above the soft crown, and blue velvet strings tie beneath the chin.

*

With a plain skirt and a corsage which is nothing particular, the sleeve has to set forth all the elegance, richness, and poetry of a woman's costume, and I am thankful to see that some of the new patterns are quite as luxuriant as the old ones, in puffs, ribbons, folds, laces, buttons and braid. You need not wear your heart upon your sleeve, but the cut of the gown complete and your own special taste in dress must be all expressed there, under penalty of being thought a nobody by everybody. Beware the out-door jacket sleeve which is much too tight when pulled over everything else worn on the arm, and lends itself readily to stoppage of circulation. It often bestows an unbecoming flush on the tip of the nose and a touch of muscular neuralgia round and about the shoulders; and though the last named trouble would be most willingly and patiently endured by the heroic woman who has determined to be in the fashion or die, the former surpassing calamity is enough to drive her into a convent, till her rebellious complexion has readjusted itself.

*

It has always been the fashion to be beautiful, but lately we have had a good deal of discussion and instruction on the means to that desirable end. Mrs. Jenness-Miller teaches health first and beauty as a natural sequence. Miss Laura Giddings shows us how to stand and breathe and walk and sit so that we get the best return for the smallest outlay and enjoy life as one could not heretofore, and the latest apostle of the beauty craze is to be found in pretty quarters over Ellis' jewelry store, where various wonderful and satisfactory results are obtained from the system of Mrs. Gervaise Graham. I spent a pleasant hour with Miss Moote, Mrs. Graham's clever sister, one day lately, and came away impressed by her arguments and convinced by her practice that she can do much to make women more attractive if they follow her directions.

*

The latest idea in the way of a pet is a goat. Said goat is decorated with ribbons and led by a short leather rein, precisely like a dog. It is rather a pretty animal—white, with pretty brown coloring—is small and beautifully shaped; altogether, a most dainty-looking pet. The effect of the pretty girl leading the pretty goat is very marked. But—there always is a but—and in this case it must be very disagreeable when the *butt* begins. Nanny looks active and war-like, and would doubtless go for a dog or human being with the utmost promptitude, if the occasion arose.

*

A new style in coiffure for young ladies has lately been seen, which consists of two small wings of wired tulle or filigree gold or silver, worn on the middle of the head, which gives a decidedly original appearance, that of a cherub or seraph about to take flight to other regions.

*

A few of the long basque bodices survive, but, for the most part, there is a pointed bodice with the basque cut away quite short over the hips. The fashion of having yoke and sleeves, so far as the upper arms are concerned, in a different color, still continues; but instead of the hard line made by the over-bodice on the yoke, as we were accustomed to see it last year, the former is now cut out in rounded tabs, which are edged with braid or other trimming, and are very becoming. The skirts are still bordered with trimming similar to that of the bodices. Now for a few instances to illustrate these dogmatic assertions, which may not be very clear without. A dress in gray face-cloth, the beautiful glossy material which is again to be so much worn, has the bodice finished some five inches below the waist in a double point, outlined, like the rest of the basque, with a trimming of dark blue and gold, a line of it running up the front. The yoke and upper portion of the sleeves are in black and white striped material. Over this, on the bodice, the gray fabric is brought up in leaf-shaped tabs, each of which is outlined with the blue and gold. The gray material composes the sleeves from the wrists to the elbows, being finished with leaf-shaped cuffs, bordered with blue and gold. The skirt is edged all round with a bias band of the black and white, bordered at either side with a narrow line of the blue and gold trimming.

*

A princess dress is made in face-cloth, with a full front of checked silk, the sleeves being set in with a kind of plain frill all round the arm, like an epaulet continued into a sphere. I notice that this is the way the sleeves of the Princesses of Wales' mourning dresses are made. The skirt of this gray gown is crossed over, or apparently so, to the left of the middle, and edged with velvet, being fastened with three buttons below the waist, and three just above the hem. This is a good way to take off the plainness which to some figures is so very trying. Another princess dress is cut all in one at the back and at the right side, the skirt being joined on at the left. In this one, the stripes are joined up the front so as to form angles, in the fashion of last season.

LA MODE.

The Coming of Night.

For Saturday Night.

Slowly up the vaulted arch,
Cloud-banked, pink and gray,
Creeps one tiny point of light
Just at close of day,
And the sun's great, golden disk
Drops below the bay.

Purple-red the clouds are changed,
Dark the arching blue,
And the dreamy, grayish haze
Spreads the landscape through;
Upward, higher creep the stars,
Far between and few.

O'er the splashing, sobbing waves
Comes a soothing breeze,
Steals into the forest depths,
Stirs the sleeping trees;
Whispers to them wondrous tales
Brought from unknown seas.

Now the shadows fall more thick;
Grayer grows the haze;
L ader moan the reaching waves,
And the last sun's rays
Touch one cloud; the breeze bears up,
This last song of praise.

And the night has stolen in
While we watched day die;
Scurrying clouds and twinkling stars
Mingle in the sky.
Earth is lulled by evening winds,
And the moon rides high.

LAURIEN DARE.

A Problem.

"Papa!"
"Well?"
"Do cardinals dare to wear their red hats in the presence of a papal bull?"

Eligible.

"Shippen Clarke a member of the Authors' Club! What did he ever write?"
"His application for membership."

"Hullo, Mary'sh been paintin.'

(As he steps on the tube of green paint. "Thash settles it for'er!"

The Pacific Coast.

One of the marvels of the age is the cheap mode of everyday travel, and foremost in promoting such is the Canadian Pacific Railway. At the present time they are running specially attractive trips to all points on the Pacific coast, which for convenience and comfort excel anything of the kind before attempted. The C. P. R., knowing well the tedium of long distance railway traveling, have sought to their utmost to alleviate the discomforts of the journey, and judging by the reports of persons who have already traveled over this route they must feel highly gratified by the success with which their efforts have been crowned. An inspection of the cars provided proves them all that can be desired. They are high, airy and well ventilated, being built specially for this service, and are under the immediate control of an intelligent porter. Particulars as to dates of running these excursions will be found in our advertising columns, but any of our readers wishing for further detail should call at the C. P. R. offices, 118 King street west, where books, pamphlets and every information possible will be gladly furnished.

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WE'VE not seen the robin yet, but an active demand for muslins seems to tell that shoppers are thinking of spring. The store always did lead the muslin and embroidery trade.

Victoria Lawn, 42 in., 12½c.
Victoria Lawn, 40 in., 10c.
Swiss Muslins, Stripes and Checks, 10c, 12½c.

All through, the assortment of cretonnes is sure to please. We might mention a new opening of plush cretonnes at 17½c., 20c., 25c. Rather taking for little money.

Cretonnes, 8c., 10c.
Cretonnes, Newest Pattern Stripes, 15c.
Cretonnes, Satin, 20c.
Cretonnes, Crown, 27½c.
Art Muslins, 12½c., 15c.
Felts, 2 yards wide, 75c.

They're English goods from the best print manufacturers the world knows. Everything wide-width and washable. The patterns are pretty, polka dots, stripes and checks, gold stripes, gold and white dots and stripes. There's a good deal of charm in handling bright, new goods.

Prints, Indigo Blue 12½c.
Prints, Cadet Blue, 12½c.
Prints, Pretty Pinks, 12½c.
Prints, Attractive Buff, 12½c.
Ashton's English Prints, 6½c.
Cambrics, Newest Patterns, 12½c.

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THE COMPLEXION
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ETC., ETC.
Will open their salon, at 77 King Street West, on the 15th March.

Gentlemen as well as Ladies are finding out that Mrs. Gervaise Graham's Acne-Cure successfully removes Eruptions, Blackheads, Flesh Worms, etc.

Have You Thin Arms or a Hollow Neck? Within the last three weeks several ladies who were emaciated or ungracefully stout have been wonderfully improved by taking Mrs. Graham's treatments.

Are the Treatments Expensive? Can you get a pretty new gown for nothing? Which commands the most lasting admiration—an elegant costume or a beautiful face and figure? Why not be pretty and sweet in an old fashioned fashion? Satisfaction of being able to wear "anything." Call upon or write to Mrs. GERVAISE GRAHAM for booklet, "How to be Beautiful." Address 8 King Street East, Toronto.

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They are the Best
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"I would have ye to understand that
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is a marvel to the entire world."
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When you can procure such pretty
Wigs, Bangs, Water Curled and Wavy Fronts
or other suitable coverings.
DORENWEND
has the largest and most select stock to choose from in Canada, at prices to suit the times.
A. DORENWEND
Paris Hair Works, 105 Yonge Street

CONSTANCE.

By F. C. PHILIPS,

Author of "The Dean and His Daughter," "As in a Looking Glass," &c., &c.

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CHAPTER XXIX.

"If you please, ma'am, Miss Baillie is in the drawing-room."

So astonished was Constance when this announcement was made a day or two later, that she overturned her basket, and to Eva's delight left her employed in picking up and restoring everything to its proper place, while she went downstairs.

She did not hold out her hand. She simply stood still and looked coldly on Emily. That young lady was not in the very least daunted by the frigidity of her reception.

"I am so sorry I could not come back before," she murmured apologetically, "but I needed rest myself after so much nursing. I—I fear you are feeling vexed with me as you never answered my letter."

"Your letter! I have never received one line from you since you left my sister's house in the ungracious manner you did."

Emily gasped. "Oh!" she said, and sat down hurriedly. "What must you have thought of me all this time?"

"I hardly think you would care to hear." Constance was still unappeased. Somehow she did not believe in this plausible explanation of a missing letter.

"I can quite understand that it must have seemed strange," said Emily, "but, dear Mrs. Armitage, you surely will not hold me accountable for what has been purely accidental. It has worried me immensely to be obliged to go as I did at a moment's notice, but it was unavoidable. It is the first time I have paid a visit or asked for so much as a day's holiday since I have been with you, and I certainly did not anticipate that you would bear any ill-feeling about it."

"Have you any objection to telling me where you have been to and with whom?" asked Constance. She was slow to take offence, and the least suspicious of women, but some instinctive sense warned her to be wary.

Emily colored. "I went to nurse a friend whom I found seriously ill at Richmond. If you do not believe what I am telling you please be frank enough to say so, in which case I will at once pack my boxes and relieve you of my presence."

Mrs. Armitage took not the slightest notice of her evident annoyance. She was thinking deeply.

"Lord Hardstock told us that you had neither friends nor relatives," she said slowly.

Emily rose without another word, and walked deliberately out of the room. She had gone upstairs to her own apartment to collect her possessions.

"What ought I to do?" Constance was terribly discomposed. "I am certain she is not telling the truth, and yet perhaps I have no right to question her thus closely. She conducts herself with perfect propriety under my roof. I don't know how to act. I am used to her and she is useful. Then, too, Eva likes her. I wish I did, but I am afraid I don't. Still, my personal likes and dislikes should not sway me much either way."

As she sat there, uncertain and irresolute, there came the patter of small footsteps on the stairs, and a childish treble outside the door.

"Let me in, mamma."

It was Eva. Her eyes were big and round, and her baby face sorely distressed.

"She is going away, right away for always!" she burst forth, as she clambered into her mother's lap. "Oh, please make her stay. I will be good."

This settled the knotty point. Holding the child's hand Mrs. Armitage went up to Miss Baillie's room. The floor was strewn with articles of clothing, and the owner was tearfully knelt Emily. The moment she saw Eva and her mother she put her hands over her face and sobbed loudly. Constance's heart smote her. How was she to know that the bright eyes were dry and tearless!

She only saw that the girl was troubled, and with a few gracious words strove to put things straight again.

"But you do not trust me!" wailed the governess.

For a second Mrs. Armitage hesitated.

"If I did not believe in you and have entire confidence in your integrity, I should not ask you as I do now to stay with us."

"Yes. Oh! do stay," pleaded Eva.

And Emily caught the child in her arms and kissed her more affectionately than she had ever done before. Through her she had accomplished her purpose, and she was not ungrateful.

That evening Constance spent at Clarges street, and, of course, Rebecca was duly informed of the lost sheep's return to the fold.

The sisters were alone, Mr. Strangways being at a bachelor entertainment.

"I don't see what else I could have done," said Constance.

"No; not if you believe her tale," said Rebecca, her lip curling scornfully the while. "You are very easily taken in, my dear. I am not, and perhaps if you knew as much as I do you would regret your leniency."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, I did not intend mentioning it if, as I supposed, we had seen the last of Miss Baillie, but since she has chosen to return I think I should be doing wrong if I kept it back from you. Miss Baillie evidently had a lover, and was in the habit of meeting him constantly."

Constance smiled. "What a heinous offence! I suppose you are alluding to Dr. Dale?"

"I don't know who the man is, nor do I care two pins; but I know this, that the night she was locked out and told you a trumped up story about having a headache and going out for a breath of fresh air, she had been to see—him."

"How on earth do you know anything about it?"

And then Rebecca told how Dyne had found the scrap of paper which made the appointment, and which undoubtedly the governess had kept, and produced from her purse the very identical slip and laid it before her sister.

"If that is so, she is not a proper person to have the training of my child," said Constance gravely. Truthful herself, she abominated anything like deceit in those about her. And then she danced down at the little folded note.

Her face crimsoned hotly, and she pressed her lips tightly together. It was but a word or two, but she knew the writing well enough.

"If I close my doors on Emily Baillie, I shall also strike from my list of—acquaintances" (she could not even say friends) "the name of Lord Hardstock," she said, in a tone as cold as ice.

Her sister looked at her in astonishment.

"I am too deceived to, as has he. There is not the shadow of a doubt that that writing is his, and that if the foolish girl went to meet a man that night, that man was Lord Hardstock."

"Well, upon my word, I think you must have taken leave of your senses, Constance. What could Lord Hardstock want with her?"

Constance shrugged her shoulders in a way intended to convey that that was a question beyond her capability to answer.

"I do not see any similarity myself about the writing," she continued, wishing, now that it was too late, that she had kept her own counsel respecting Miss Baillie's shortcomings. "How a sensible woman like yourself, Constance, can be so blinded and prejudiced as you are against that unfortunate man I cannot comprehend. I know perfectly well, although you have not chosen to open your lips on the subject to me, that he proposed to you before you left here, and that you refused him, and how you can reconcile it to your conscience to wreck the noble life of a man so devoted to you as he is, and to blast the future prospects of the children you profess to care so much for, I can't conceive.

"My children! Surely in so serious a matter as a second marriage I may be allowed to consider my own feelings."

Constance had grown very white, and a hard look came round the corners of her mouth.

"You seem entirely to ignore or put aside your lack of means. They are young, it is true; but when Arthur comes to man's estate, what will he think of his mother's selfishness in robbing him a second time of his birthright? How cruel you can be!"

"Have you any idea what it is you are urging on me? I am to sacrifice myself, the whole of the life that lies before me, for the sake of wealth and competency in the years to come for my children! I would gladly lie down and die if that could bring them happiness and prosperity. God knows I love them better than myself, but this thing is beyond me."

Rebecca was moved to pity. She had not meant to wound her sister. In her inmost heart she believed that a marriage with Lord Hardstock would be the best thing for Constance's peace and comfort; but as Constance here felt so strongly about it, there was nothing more to be said.

"Of course, I can only judge of the expediency of such a step," she said. "I am sparing as an outsider, and one who, being wholly unprejudiced, sees both sides of the question. It is better that we should not discuss it."

"Yes," said Constance miserably; "do not let us talk of it again. Not even for the sake of my darlings could I consent to marry Lord Hardstock. I had rather live in an attic in London than at Greystone—with him."

And after that, greatly though Rebecca marveled and deplored the state of affairs, she could have been less than a woman had she pressed the matter further. But the question as to what to do with Miss Baillie was not so easily disposed of.

She had assumed a quiet pensive air which it would have been positively brutal to attack. She really was so inoffensive and diffident that Mrs. Armitage determined to allow the matter to drop. After all she might be in error. It did seem impossible that Lord Hardstock should meet her clandestinely when, had his inclination prompted him to do so, he could have framed her life so differently for her. The more she thought of it the less likely it seemed.

He had never exhibited any particular feeling for her. Looking back Mrs. Armitage failed to recall a single occasion on which he had shown the faintest inclination for her presence. No, she was wrong. A similarity in the style of writing had led her astray.

She blushed for her own suspicions, and was more gentle in her manner towards Emily. I think I have omitted to say that in consequence of measles having broken out in the school where Arthur was, he had not been home at Christmas time, but early in February he came for a fortnight's holiday, noisy and boisterous, and full of fun and life.

Constance was glad to have him with her, although perhaps Eva was nearer to her mother's heart. A girl has so many more opportunities of creeping into that holy of holies than a boy.

My son is my son till he gets him a wife,
But my daughter's my daughter all her life.

Our boys must go out into the busy world away from the maternal shelter; it is but fitting and natural that they should. They will contract fresh ties and have pleasure and interests apart from us, but wha'ever joy comes into a girl's life, its sunny rays, its shadows, its cares and delights, must, to a great extent, be halved and shared.

In her daughter's life and love a mother lives again. Constance's love with her, rejoices for her, sympathizes with her, and would, if it were possible, suffer for her.

Arthur would be all the better for a blow of fresh sea air, Dr. Dale declared, so to his exceeding delight he was sent to Brighton for a week. Constance intended to have gone with him and devoted herself to the lad, giving him as much pleasure as her slender purse could afford, but a day or two before she slipped upon a piece of downstairs, and managed to sprain her ankle, which put a stop to all thought of leaving home. Miss Baillie would take her place, and Eva and she must console one another.

"It won't be so jolly, mother," grumbled the lad as he rested his curly head against her shoulder.

"I thought you were so fond of Miss Baillie, dear; you were her most devoted slave last holiday."

Arthur was silent. He could hardly account to himself for his altered views. Her beauty pleased him still. She was good to look at, and Arthur was his father's son in that respect and dearly loved a pretty face, but she was not to be depended on. Sometimes she was charming and would let him do as he liked, without a dissenting word; at others she would repulse him roughly. He was never sure of her moods and humors.

Still, Brighton with Miss Baillie would be pleasant enough. All the same he wished his mother could have gone. Eva was very lachrymose. Emily had become sincerely attached to her. There was something very winsome about the child, and she had a habit of taking it for granted that everyone loved her, which was difficult to overcome. The touch of the tender little arms had its effect even upon Miss Baillie's worldly-wise, cynicism-tossed heart.

Eva loved her for herself, really cared for her, cried at the prospect of a separation. It was a pleasurable feeling.

Emily Baillie felt at times so lonely, so desolate, that the affection of a dog would have been grateful to her. In all the wide world she stood alone!

And that I think is the saddest feeling a human creature can have.

CHAPTER XXX.

The very day Miss Baillie and Arthur started for Brighton Lord Hardstock called on Mrs. Armitage.

He had still no news of Emily, and having seen nothing of Mrs. Strangways, had not the most remote idea that she had returned to Kensington. And when Constance informed him of all that had occurred he was to a certain extent relieved, for he scented mischief in the girl having left town without either seeing or communicating with him. Still, she was under Mrs. Armitage's roof again, and that was one point gained.

"You have not seen her or heard from her, I suppose?" said Constance, a little significantly, as he rose to go.

"I!" Lord Hardstock spoke in a tone of the greatest surprise. "My dear Mrs. Armitage, I have not heard from a Miss Baillie in my life, so far as I remember."

"Then—" Constance could never account for the impulse that made her draw out the slip of paper which Dyne had purloined, and place it before him. "Then you did not send her that?"

A dull red burnt on Rupert Hardstock's face as he scanned it. What fools women were! How rash! How superlatively careless! To think that Emily Baillie, of all women, should not have been more prudent. It was incredible! With the utmost *sang froid* he turned to Constance.

"I suppose it is a joke," he said feebly, "but I confess I do not see the point."

"Did you, or did you not write those words? I think you will allow that I have the right to ask, as you yourself placed Miss Baillie here!"

"Unquestionably! No, Constance, on my word of honor as a gentleman—no! I hoped you did me more justice than to believe such a thing possible."

She was silent. "The writing is similar to your own," she said at last, half apologetically.

"Is it? I flattered myself I wrote a tolerably good hand." He shrugged his shoulders. "However, I don't care two pins about that; but what I do care about is that you should think me capable of such ungentlemanly and dishonorable conduct. I feel I have not deserved it. And permit me to say that I find it curious that you should have treasured what after all is another's property."

How was it that this man always managed to put her in the wrong, to pose as an injured individual and extract apologies from her? Pondered Constance vexedly.

"I do not think what I said implied anything of the sort; it was not my intention to reflect upon you in any way. But it having come to my knowledge that Miss Baillie was in the habit of meeting someone in a clandestine and underhanded manner—I—I——"

Constance came to a full stop, conscious that she had floundered out of her depth. With the air of a martyr Lord Hardstock rose and held out his hand.

"You are not going?"

Against her will she said the words. She did not want him to stay. His presence annoyed and irritated her, and yet he was so evidently driven away by her own conduct that in common decency she had no choice. It was forced upon her.

"I will say good afternoon."

"You are going because—because—"

"Because while you feel towards me, and think of me as you do now, it is impossible for me to do otherwise."

She bit her lip.

"Try and be just. I ask nothing more than that. Justice! It is what the commonest criminal is accorded. Have I ever acted in such a manner as would warrant you in supposing I could play that dastardly part you tacitly accused me of?"

"I accused you of nothing."

"Pardon me, but you did. You asked me if I were in the habit of making clandestine appointments with your governess."

"It certainly went to meet somebody."

"I do not for a moment dispute that fact, but I do emphatically object to being suspected of being that somebody."

Two minutes later the hall door shut upon him, and Constance stood where he had left her, uncertain whether to be vexed or relieved for she knew that she had seriously offended Lord Hardstock.

"My dear Constance, what could induce you to mention that affair of Miss Baillie to Lord Hardstock?" cried her sister in a tone of the greatest consternation, a day or two later. "Since you had decided to keep the girl in your house, the least you could do was to ignore any share he might have in her indiscretions."

"I don't know what did prompt me to bring up the unlucky subject," returned Constance wearily. "I am very sorry that I did so."

"And so you ought to be. It is a poor return to make for the kindness and consideration Lord Hardstock has always shown to you. But I suppose that is a point we shall never agree upon."

"I have always acknowledged his goodness to me." Constance's tone was full of hurt pride.

"Yes, in a half-hearted way—grudgingly. Most women would give their ears to stand in your shoes."

"I wish they could. Why will men fall in love with the wrong people? It is very embarrassing."

"Now, Constance," continued her sister, "I have too great a regard for Lord Hardstock to see him insulted. He feels this conduct on your part deeply. What are you going to do? The first advance must come from you."

"Then it will never be made. Since Lord Hardstock has chosen to take umbrage at what I cannot but consider a very natural inquiry to come from myself, seeing that Miss Baillie forms one of my household, it is decidedly better that the matter should rest there."

"You don't mean to apologize?"

Constance looked into her sister's face and laughed.

"No," said she. "That I certainly have no intention of doing."

"Well," said Mrs. Strangways, seeing her castles in the air respecting Constance's future crumbling into ruins about her, "I think you are behaving in the most unladylike and unchristian manner, and I would never have believed it of you."

"Poor Rebecca, I have already been somewhat of a disappointment to you, haven't I?" And she refused to pursue the question further. "Because I think she would yield was that if Lord Hardstock chose to ignore what had passed and call upon her again, she would resume her friendly relations with him."

"You need not even say that you believed what he told you," said Rebecca angrily.

"Lord Hardstock denied the charge against him. I am a gentleman and on his word of honor, so I hardly thought it was necessary. I had no choice but to accept his word." But she did not say that he had convinced her, and Rebecca inclined to the belief that she was sceptical still.

"And so it fell out that two days after Emily returned from Brighton, and Arthur had gone back to school, as they sat busily engaged on some needlework for Eva—Miss Baillie and Mrs. Armitage together—the door opened, and Mrs. Strangways, accompanied by Lord Hardstock, walked in.

Constance felt very nervous, but she tried to act as if nothing had occurred. Mrs. Strangways was jubilant. She had contrived to tide over difficulties and bring these troublesome lovers into an amenable frame of mind, for as lovers she persisted in regarding them.

"Presently she rose from her chair. "I want to speak to you, Constance," she said, and the sisters left the room together.

The moment they were alone Lord Hardstock drew nearer to Miss Baillie.

"Emily," he said softly, "what does all this mean?"

The girl flung back her head defiantly, but answered never a word.

"Why are you treating me so unkindly? Do you know that I am very unhappy?"

She laughed a little scornful laugh.

There was a sound on the stairs of footsteps. His lordship hurriedly withdrew to his former seat.

"I have so much to say to you, my darling. Come and see me to morrow evening."

"It is quite impossible."

Emily's heart was thumping away at a furious rate, but ice was not colder than her voice.

"I want you, Emily. You can find it in you to refuse me?"

She shook her head.

"Hush—they are just outside."

"I can't spare you, dearest."

"I will not come."

And that was the last word he had alone with her. And though he waited until ten o'clock on the following evening, Emily kept to her resolve.

The next afternoon Constance sat alone in her drawing-room. Eva was out with her governess. She had a book in hand, but she was not reading. She was thinking, and her thoughts were sad enough. The front door bell rang, but she paid no heed to it. She had but few visitors, and was expecting no one. So, when the door opened and someone ascending the stairs she looked round impatiently, wondering who the intruder might be.

"Mr. St. Quentin!"

So great was her surprise that Constance forgot to rise from her chair, and the young man was half across the floor before she struggled to her feet.

"How do you do?"

It is the Englishman's conventional salutation and Basil St. Quentin repeated the formula mechanically, his eyes fixed on the sweet pensive face, with something very like desperation in his own.

"You will wonder what has brought me here!" he began in halting fashion.

"Not at all. I am glad to see you."

Constance had recovered her composure, and was anxious to set her visitor at his ease. She could not but see his perturbation, and a certain nervousness that was wholly foreign to her nature.

"You have not been in London for a long time."

"Yes; I was here in November."

"And you did not take the trouble to come and see me!" was Constance's outspoken thought. The reproach in her eyes was more than he could bear.

"For pity's sake, listen," he cried. "I have been misled. I heard—I was told that you were going to marry Lord Hardstock, and it almost broke my heart, Constance."

And after that there was a pause in which each could hear the quick breathing of the other.

"I only learned the truth yesterday, and—I am happy! I could not live another minute away from you. I felt I must see you and ask it—oh, Constance, I have no words in which to tell you my love. Looking back on the long years it seems to me that I have loved you always, only I did not know it. You were always more to me than any other woman."

He was standing before her with outstretched hands, eager, anxious, waiting for his answer. Slowly she was waking to consciousness of her love for him, and to the knowledge that life without him would be incomplete. And yet—she was afraid—she doubted.

"It is all so sudden," she said at last.

"But you love me, Constance?"

"I am not sure."

"Take your own time, dear heart! I can wait for you.

WOMAN'S MISERIES!

Sore hands, raw fingers, cracked skin! What pain and misery many women suffer through the use of injurious soaps and powders!

These troubles don't exist where **"SUNLIGHT" SOAP** is used. On the testimony of eminent scientists IT CANNOT INJURE THE MOST DELICATE SKIN.

Soap which hurts the skin MUST HURT THE CLOTHES, hence it should be avoided. **"SUNLIGHT"** has been awarded 6 Gold Medals and other honors for purity and excellence.

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Unlike other aperients, strengthen the excretory organs and restore their natural and regular action. For the cure of constipation, biliousness, sick headache, nausea, indigestion, and all irregularities of the stomach, liver, and bowels, Ayer's Pills are unsurpassed. They are recommended by prominent medical men, as the safest and most efficient cathartic for family and general use, and are everywhere ranked among the most popular of domestic remedies.

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"For over twenty years, I have used Ayer's Cathartic Pills in my family, and have never known them fail to master the trouble for which they are taken. I should not feel safe to be without them."—J. W. L. Porter, North Ogden, Mich.

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Every Dose Effective

Books and Magazines.

The *Atlantic Monthly* for March opens with an article by the Rev. Brooke Herford, the popular Boston clergyman, on An Old English Township. Mr. Crawford continues his serial of Italian life, Don Orsino, and Miss Isabel F. Hapgood has a vividly written paper on Russian travel, called Harvest-tide on the Volga. Miss Agnes Repplier contributes an interesting essay on The Children's Poets, in which she demonstrates that it is not necessary for children to understand poetry to enjoy it. Joel Chandler Harris has a short dialect story, called The Belle of St. Valerien—not a story of negro life, for St. Valerien is a township of New France. The most important article in the number, however, is Why the Men of '61 Fought for the Union, by Major-General Jacob Dolson Cox (at one time Governor of Ohio, and Secretary of the Interior, and now Dean of the Cincinnati Law School). Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin's clever short story, called A Village Watch Tower, gives liveliness to the number, and there are also papers by Gamaliel Bradford, jr., F. Blake Crofton, with some poetry and several able reviews. This notice of the number, however, should not be closed without calling attention to A Political Parallel, a fearless article introducing current politics.

Elizabeth Bisland, who recently married a wealthy New York lawyer, opens the March number of the *Cosmopolitan* with an article on the Cologne Cathedral, beautifully illustrated from photographs. Adam Badeau, the ex-Consul General of London, contributes some personal reminiscences of one of the grand dames of England at whose house he was an habituary, under the title of Strawberry Hill and the Countess Waldegrave, and gives the later history of the favorite residence of Horace Walpole and its distinguished owner. Strawberry Hill during the regime of the Countess Waldegrave was the resort of the cream of English society, and Gen. Badeau's article is full of interesting personal anecdotes and observations on the manner and customs of what is called society in England. The Trailing Yew is concluded, and Oscar Fay Adams appears with a delightfully amusing and satirical sketch entitled An Archbishop's Unguarded Moment. Mrs. Sea's Mexican study is a gem of crystallized observation and color. Charles E. L. Wingate gives one of his careful and pleasant studies of the history of the stage in Fair Imogen upon the Stage. The other papers in this number are, A Night with a Leopard, a serio-comic adventure in Ceylon; Political Cartoons of Tenniel, the great cartoonist of *Punch*; and a paper by the editor on the problem of Aerial Navigation, which the *Cosmopolitan* has set itself to solve if it can. The departments are continued by Dr. Hale and Brander Matthews.

The complete novel in *Lippincott's Magazine* for March, A Soldier's Secret, is by Captain Charles King, who alone among living Americans has the secret of the military tale. In the Journalist Series, Mr. A. E. Watrous handles The Newspaper-Man as a Confidant ably but too briefly. His contention that editors and reporters have a singular gift of keeping secrets which it would be money in their pockets to publish, will surprise readers not of the profession, and he supports it by some curious and striking incidents. The projected Independent Theater is explained in two papers by Edward Fuller and James L. Ford, the latter having special bearing on the plan now incubating in New York. There is a short story by Miss M. G. McClelland, and a brief sketch by Lillian A. North. The poetry of the number is by Anne Reeve Aldrich, S. Decatur Smith, Jr., Prof. Clinton Scollard, Ruth Johnston, and Nora C. Franklin.

Dollarocracy, an American story, is the latest issue of the Broadway series (John A. Taylor & Co., Toronto, London and New York) and is a very striking story of New York life and politics, well printed and illustrated—50c.

Character Sketches, or the Blackboard Mirror, by George A. Lofton, A.M., D.D. (Wm. Briggs, publisher, Toronto). This book is composed of a series of forty-one illustrated lectures, depicting those peculiarities of character which contribute to the ridicule and failure, or to the dignity and success of mankind. The author's dedication is as follows: "To my fellow-beings, old or young, afflicted with the sins, vanities or misfortunes of life; struggling against the trials, conflicts or temptations of the world; inspired by the loftier motives, purposes and hopes of time and eternity, this volume is dedicated." The lectures, of which the book largely consists, were delivered on Sunday afternoons at Nashville, and appear to have excited a large amount of genuine interest. The book would be very useful to one in charge of a bible class or a Sunday school superintendant.

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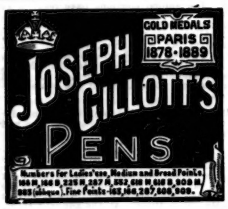

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Sick Headache and relieves all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

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Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

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CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

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WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE IN IT?

THE BATTLE OF _____(?)

One of the most remarkable and terrible ever fought. The army of the general whose previous successes had terrified Europe was posted along the ascent with Hougoumont, and the general himself had taken up his stand in a farm house called the "Belle Alliance." The opposing forces were extended over an elevation in the Charleroi Road about two miles from the little village in Belgium which gave its name to the battle. Each commander was thus able to command a view of the whole field. The first general with better equipped and better drilled troops and unable to see the reserve force of the other was over confident. The second commander, supported by the brave old Prussian marshal, divided his troops into two lines and awaited the beginning of the battle. It was between eleven and twelve o'clock on Sunday the 18th of June, 1815, that the actual engagement began. The action opened with a brisk cannonade on the house and wood of Hougoumont which were held by the troops of Nassau. The contest continued here all day with terrible fury, but without being able to expel the .....who, although the building had been set on fire, maintained their post amid the flames. Frightful slaughter and great loss ensued. Terrific and resolute attacks were made by the.....cavalry on the.....centre, and at six in the evening the allied army had lost ten thousand men. Their opponents had suffered still more severely losing fifteen thousand soldiers. Then the great general on seeing the .....sweep the old guards before them exclaimed:

"All is lost for the present," and rode from the field. The battle was over.

QUESTIONS:—1st. Name the battle referred to in above description 2nd. What two nations were principally interested? 3rd. Give names of two principal commanders. 4th. Did defeated commander ever regain his position? 5th. Where did he die?

Toronto, February 2nd, 1892.

To Whom It May Concern:—

This is to certify that we have this day contracted with the publishers of the LADIES PICTORIAL WEEKLY to ship for them two of the "Heintzman & Co's. Upright Pianos, Style D.," valued at $350.00 each, to the two successful contestants in their Prize History Competition, and have received their order for the same.

Respectfully,
(Signed) HEINTZMAN & CO.

A Heintzman Upright Piano, valued at $350.00, will be given for the FIRST correct answers to the above questions and a PRIZE valued at from TEN TO TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS will be given for each of the next TEN correct answers received.

All correct answers are numbered and entered on our books as received.

$100.00 in Cash will be given for the correct answers to the above questions which is the MIDDLE one received during the Competition.

And a PRIZE valued at from TEN TO TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS will be given for each of the ten correct answers received next PRECEDING the middle one, DUPLICATE prizes will be given for the ten correct answers received next FOLLOWING the middle one.

A Heintzman Upright Piano, valued at $350.00, will be given for the LAST correct answers received before the close of this Competition.

And a PRIZE valued at from TEN TO TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS will be given for each of the ten correct answers received PRECEDING the last one.

Over $100 Given Away each Day in Special Prizes.

And the names of winners announced each day in the leading daily newspapers of Canada.

A **solid gold watch** will be given each day during this competition for the first correct answers received and opened at the LADIES PICTORIAL WEEKLY office upon that day. A handsome rich glass Berry Bowl mounted on an elegant silver stand of the best quadruple plate valued $16.00 will be given to EACH province and state daily for the first correct answers received and opened upon that day.

EXPLANATION:—As the Publishers of the LADIES PICTORIAL WEEKLY do not consider it advisable that the names of the winners of either of the pianos should be announced until the close of this contest, no daily prize will be awarded for the first correct answers received on THE FIRST DAY; The sender of such necessarily being the winner of the first piano.

In awarding the daily prizes the second correct answers received from the province or state, which have carried off the solid gold watch for that day will be awarded the Berry Bowl mounted on a silver stand, this is to prevent the first recived from that province or state from securing both the watch and berry bowl on that day.

AWARD OF PRIZES:—A committee consisting of a representative from each of the six Toronto daily newspapers will be invited to act in the award of the prizes at the close of this competition. One hundred dollars in cash will be paid for proof of any unfairness or partiality in the award of the prizes.

CONDITIONS:—Answers must be accompanied by one dollar for six months TRIAL subscription to the LADIES PICTORIAL WEEKLY which will be sent to any address in Canada or United States that contestant desires, decision will be based on the correctness of the answers rather than on the language used in answering. Answers may be mailed any time before May 15th, 1892, as the prizes are equitably divided over entire time competition is open, persons can enter at any time with an equal opportunity of securing one of the leading prizes. No corrections can be made after answers are mailed unless another six months trial subscription to the LADIES PICTORIAL WEEKLY is enclosed with corrections. THE LADIES PICTORIAL CO. is an established and financially responsible publishing concern who offer the above prizes purely as a legitimate manner of attracting attention to their elegant sixteen page illustrated weekly. The purpose is to introduce it (on trial) into every possible home in Canada and the United States. It is intended to make each prize winner a permanent advertisement for the merits of the Weekly. Each daily prize winner is expected to secure from amongst their circle of friends at least two new six months trial subscriptions, and it is expected that every winner of a leading prize will renew their trial subscription for an entire year. By this plan we shall introduce the Weekly into at least ten thousand new homes, it is simply a business plan of increasing our circulation. If you have never seen the Ladies Weekly send three two cent stamps for sample copy. There is no other like it in Canada. Address

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The Drama.

MARIE Wainwright is an enterprising woman. In one respect, at least, she is a feminine edition of Richard Mansfield. If she takes hold of a play the theatergoer may feel sure that it will be sumptuously embellished by all the resources of the modern stage manager. As it was with Twelfth Night, so is it with Amy Robsart: the delicate, beautiful heroine of Scott's Kenilworth shines in a setting, delicate and beautiful as herself. No one doth more generally deprecate than the writer the dramatic uses of mere scenery, but it is undeniable that the sweetness of Amy Robsart was more appreciated for seeing her in the midst of her deliciously colored boudoir, and the sadness of the prisoned girl's plight better realized because of the sight through the casement of the lovely vernal environs of Cumnor.

Scott's Kenilworth is familiar to most readers, and a sketch of the plot would be out of place. The dramatic version shows the faults of most dramatizations of novels. To use an earthy phrase, the dramatist has bitten off more than he can chew. Too much is left to the imagination of the onlooker; there is a too general assumption of his previous knowledge. The dramatist has not the novelist's opportunity for giving a round, life-like representation of his characters, and evidently has little skill such as is displayed by Pinero in The Squire, for instance, for compressing a novel into a neat and pertinent play. The presentation is in some half-score of tableaux, and each is strongly dramatic and picturesque, and in fact the most adequate definition one could give of Amy Robsart would be to call it a modern melodrama, carried back to the days of romance and transfused by the glorious, ingenious and poetic pen of Sir Walter Scott into a thing of delight.

AMY ROBSART: ACT I., SCENE 3.

Leicester—I stand high, but I stand not secure enough to my lordination. To declare my marriage were to be the artificer of my own ruin.

To judge most accurately of Miss Wainwright's acting in the title *role*, one must assume that one has not read Kenilworth, and as the character-drawing of the play itself is defective one gathers from Miss Wainwright's acting the charming combination of strength and weakness which constituted the girl Amy Robsart. Miss Wainwright, as an actress, impresses one more of her sweetness and grace than of any great power. The love scenes between Amy and Leicester and the boudoir scenes of the second act were beautifully handled. In the more impassioned climax in the third act her acting was perilously near the verge of rant. Miss Wainwright, too, shows a slight tendency towards slurring her lines. On one occasion, "He lies!" sounded like "Hell-eyes!" Mr. William Ingersoll played the weak, vacillating, though withal lovable Leicester, in a very natural manner. He has a good stage presence, a splendid voice, and his impersonation left nothing to be desired. Mr. Barton Hill played the villain Varney. His personality seems well adapted for such a part, and barring a slight flaw in his enunciation was also excellent. Mr. Edward Elsner gave a good performance of the pedlar. Mr. E Y. Backus was very good as Tony Foster. Miss Blanche Walsh, who plays Queen Elizabeth, is a very fair actress, but is harassed by an immobile face. Miss Kate Blancke was a capable Janet Foster.

The happy English couple, Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, paid the Grand a visit last week and played to splendid business. With one exception their plays were of no great excellence and with one exception, also, their support was quite ordinary. Still Waters Run Deep has a thin motive tediously spun out and in another column, speaking from experience, Lady Gay pays an unusual tribute to the artistic finish and life-likeness with which the characters are treated. The substance of Katharine Kavanagh is old, very old, but it is neatly handled and the situation in the last act during the narration of Katharine's story is very strong, although the bulk of the company paid little or no attention to details and sat round in a very bored way, instead of becoming interested in what was going on. One member of the Kendal company fairly divides honors in acting ability with the joint stars, and Mr. J. E. Dodson, the leading "character" man, scored a most brilliant success in the part of the cripple. Mrs. Kendal's emotional work was very fine, and Mr. Kendal acted the part of Reginald Hawley with admirable cruelty and brusqueness. The Ironmaster, although strong in incident, is, as a play, sombre and affected, and calls for no great effort on the part of anybody but Mrs. Kendal. Her impersonation of the capricious Claire was throughout flawless. The scene in the second act, when she parts with her cousin, was very fine, but in this play there is an incident when Mrs. Kendal is too conscientious in her fidelity to artistic effect. Claire's weeping is probably true to life, but its life-likeness was inartistic. There can be nothing more painful than to see a woman give way to grief, and it must ever be a rule of art not to suppress the painful but to refine it. What is painful is necessarily inately ugly, and bald ugliness has no place in art. The result of Mrs. Kendal's fidelity to nature was that many ladies in the audience were overcome by a sheer hysterical sensation, not a sympathetic one, for Claire's position at the moment was not intensely touching, and as soon as acting commences to affect well regulated people in an hysterical way it becomes inartistic.

The Squire, which was presented at the Grand on Saturday night, was not only far and away the best play of the engagement, but one of the best plays of the last fifty years. Few writers since Shakespeare have had so much of his skill in character delineation and true knowledge of human nature as has Thomas Hardy, and a dramatization of his first great success, Far from the Madding Crowd, by so skilful a playwright as A. W. Pinero, in other words, The Squire, is a rare dramatic treat. The plot is not intricate. With such dignity of character treatment, that would be out of place, for the true dramatic is not constituted of multitudinous plot motives. The story runs somewhat as follows: Kate Verity is proprietor of The Priors, a small English estate, having been left an orphan and the last of her race. Naturally strong-minded, after her father's death she chooses to continue to direct her property, and is called by all The Squire, looked up to as a saint, and loved as a beautiful, generous woman should be, by her tenantry. But, as Parson Dormer says in the play, "A woman loves a lover," and in her lonely life the love of Lieutenant Thorndyke, a young officer stationed near at hand, is a boon of untold happiness to her. But as the Lieutenant's wealthy mother declares that should he marry during her lifetime she will disinherit him, his marriage to Kate is kept a secret. In the daytime, he is the ostensible friend and welcome guest of the Squire, but at night he is the lover, and Romeo-like comes in at the window. The pair have been married a year when the play opens, and the time is come when for very natural reasons and the sake of Kate's good name the marriage must be made known. There are other good reasons for such a course; gossips are talking in the ale-houses and women folk are suspicious. Parson Dormer, a misanthrope, suspecting that Kate loves Thorndyke but not knowing to what pass things have come, warns her against him, as an idier, and in the second act walks over to The Priors at midnight with a message "to the woman that loves Eric Thorndyke," delivered to him by a woman lying ill at the inn. On Kate's admission that she does love Eric, he translates for her a missive written in French, which shows that Eric had married an opera singer in Brussels, but had left her, and that that lady had published the report that she was dead to cause Eric unhappiness thereafter. The realizing scene, when Kate knows that she is not a wife but is to be a mother, is a powerful one. Eric is at the window and hears the revelation, and when the parson is gone and Kate puts away her wedding ring and commences to burn Eric's letters, he watches her and at last speaks to her. She will not allow him to embrace her, now that he has another wife, and the scene between them has been depicted by our artist.

"THE SQUIRE." KATE VERITY (MRS. KENDAL) AND LIEUTENANT THORNDYKE (MR. KENDAL).

Kate—Don't touch me. I can bear all now but this!

At this juncture Gilbert Hythe, the young bailiff who loves and feels himself the protector of Kate, bursts in and demands of Thorndyke the meaning of his presence at this hour. The dialogue at this point is particularly good. He asks if Kate is the wife of Thorndyke, and at the confession that she is not legally, in a fit of rage he is about to kill Eric. Kate, however, throws herself on Eric's breast, and at the thought that she may be as guilty as Thorndyke, Gilbert throws down his gun. The last act is a good one. It is the day of the harvest festival. There is a beautiful parting scene between Eric and Kate, and she announces to her people that she is going to leave them and sell her land. In the meantime a jealous gypsy servant girl who by circumspection has found out Eric's midnight visits, informs the parson of them. The parson tells the gypsy to assemble the country people, for he must do his duty, and he goes with the accusation to Kate. She tells him of the truth of the matter, and when the people come, instead of denouncing the Squire he says a few wholesome words about tale-bearers. While he is speaking Gilbert comes with a whispered message to him that the woman at the inn is dead, and to the joy and surprise of Kate and Eric he goes on to say that the Squire is going to marry Lieutenant Thorndyke and is leaving them because his regiment is ordered to India. Following the affected society plays of the Kendals' reper oire and the spun-out, artificial tribulation of The Ironmaster, The Squire is as refreshing as a breeze blowing o'er a field of new mown hay. One feels that here is human nature. Here are real, living, loving, healthy hearts subjected to real suffering, and in the Kendals the play has a pair of actors peerless for such parts. As Sara Bernhardt is adapted for La Tosca, so is Mrs. Kendal for such a *role* as the Squire. Her Kate Verity is a rarely beautiful combination of strength and sweetness. There is no actress on the stage to-day who could fill the part so well, and the tears that people shed for poor Kate, as she burned her love-letters and in saying farewell to Eric advised him with all the tenderness of a true wife, were good and noble tears. And in the part of Eric, Mr. Kendal did work more pleasing than any of his other *roles*. His facial expression as he watched Kate in the second act was grand. One had seen the sorrow of Kate and sorrowed with her. But Eric's face said as much as could be told in an hundred lines of dialogue, and one knew, without one word from him, that his trouble was as great as Kate's. The brilliance of Mr. Dodson's character work was again exemplified, and the remarkable versatility of the man who can assume to the life two such exacting and contrasting parts as the crippled artist and the farm servant, Gunnion, needs no comment. Miss Florence Cowell, who has a fine personality for villainous *roles*, made a good gypsy. Miss Nellie Campbell, the *ingenue*, is a clever young actress with a poor voice. She was entirely satisfactory as Felicity Gunnion. Mr. Joseph Carne was good as the Parson. For all the Squire's excellence as a play, like all plays it is nothing without good acting, and that it so pleased all is accounted for by the fact that all the participants in it were well nigh perfect in their parts.

The Stepdaughter, the attraction at the Academy this week, is a very mellow style of melodrama. Annie Ward Tiffany, the star, is, however, a very fine impersonator of Irish character, and she makes the show "go." A Toronto boy, Gus Thomas, sings a song or two excellently.

Manager Sheppard is still at it. Next week the famous Julia Marlowe in a repertoire that speaks for itself. Monday night and Saturday matinee, Much Ado About Nothing; Wednesday night and Saturday night, As You Like It; Thursday night, Cymbeline—five Shakespeare performances in all. Tuesday night, Ingomar; Friday night, Pygmalion and Galatea, and Rogues and Vagabonds. The scene of Rogues and Vagabonds is laid some quarter-century after Shakespeare's death; and her part is that of a lad to whom was given the playing of all Shakespeare's heroines—Juliet, Viola and Rosalind. It is a pretty bit of fantastic paradox, says a writer, that, as this lad, playing Rosalind, was a boy playing at being a girl who was playing at being a boy, so Miss Marlowe, in assuming his character, is a girl playing at being a boy who is playing at being a girl.

TOUCHSTONE.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

Helen Barry, the distinguished comedienne, supported by a strong company, will present the very laughable comedy, A Night's Frolic, at the Academy, commencing on March 21. This play was presented in Boston very late last season at the Park Theater and proved excruciatingly funny. It is said that no play of modern times has more legitimate amusement in it than that afforded by A Night's Frolic. Helen Barry has at last found a part, or parts (for she plays a dual *role*) that so perfectly fit her peculiar methods of acting, that the press of Boston was moved to praise her efforts, not only in the regular dramatic columns, but editorially as well. Miss Barry has great opportunity to make much of the sweet terpri-ing widow, and she does so from the very first moment. She is a stately, graceful and accomplished actress of commanding presence, exactly suited to both phases of the character she assumes. In the opening scenes she is womanly and feminine. Her love for meddling is irresistible, and her laugh is infection itself. There is a continuous ripple of merriment all through the first act, which, perhaps, is the most of the play, because it suggests, in the most amusing way, what is to follow. In the second act Miss Barry stalks upon the stage man fashion, in full military costume of dark color and faultless shape. The metamorphosis for a moment is almost startling, and for a brief interval one doubts the eye's intelligence. The rippling laugh dispels the illusion and the audience acknowledge being let into the secret by a spontaneous burst of applause. Miss Barry has drawn a distinct line between the female and male assumption in both voice and action, but the charm that dominates the whole piece is her womanliness.

'Varsity Chat.

THE "Old Roman" controversy still continues to attract a great deal of attention. The attacks which were made upon the ancient descendant of that illustrious race provoked him to a reply which was entirely unwarranted and which justified to some extent the remarks of his opponents about himself. Conjecture is rife as to who this mysterious person may be, and it is safe to say that if "Old Roman" is as wise as he is virulent he will keep his identity a secret. The incident has, however, been productive of a good deal of humor at the expense of "Old Roman," of which the following appeared on the notice board one day last week: "Platform of the 'Old Roman' party—1. The restoration of the vaults. 2. No student shall enter the University except through the vaults. 3. Nobl(u)e stockings. 4. (Ro)man to command and woman to obey. God save the Queen."

The thirteenth annual banquet of the Theta Xi Chapter of the Zeta Psi Fraternity, Friday night of last week, took place at Webb's. The chair was occupied by Mr. O. Pelham Edgar, '92, and there was a large attendance. The toast list was as follows: The Queen, Canada, response from Mr. J. J. Hughes, B.A.; Zeta Psi, response from Mr. W. Moran, B.A., and Mr. W. E. Burritt, B.A.; Absent Brothers, Mr. O. P. Edgar; Alpha Psi, response from Mr. R Henderson, B.A.; Elder Brothers, response from Mr. J. McGregor Young, B.A.; Theta X[1], proposed by W. H. Bunting, '92; Benedicts, responses from Mr. E. H. Moss, '92, and Mr. E. Bristol, B.A.; The University, proposed by Mr. W. H. Bunting, '92, and responded to by Mr. W. E. Woodruff, B.A., LL.B.

John McCrae of the graduating class steered very closely to a severe attack of diphtheria, but he is himself again.

The last of the series of public lectures for this session was delivered by Prof. Loudon, M. A., on Saturday last on Ampere: His Life and Work. The lecture was entertaining and instructive. These courses of lectures have been deservedly popular and will be continued next fall.

In order to raise the necessary funds for furnishing the new Victoria College building, the Methodist women of the city will form themselves into an organization.

The Glee Club for years has been well and favorably known both in Toronto and elsewhere, but the past year, by the able and energetic efforts of Mr. Barker, president, the club has attained greater success than in any previous year. A week's tour at Christmas was arranged and carried out successfully, also a large concert was given with equal success. The Banjo Club, which was formed this year in connection with the Glee Club, provided a very interesting feature of the entertainments, and contributed not a little to material the Glee Club in popularity. The finances of the club, according to the treasurer's report, are in a very flourishing condition, upwards of one hundred dollars being on hand after all expenses are paid. The annual elections have resulted as follows: Mr. R. E. Barker, honorary president; Mr. W. R. P. Parker, president; Mr. A. L. McAllister, secretary; Mr. A. F. Edwards, treasurer; Mr. A. McKay, curator; Mr. J. Blyth, pianist; and Messrs. L. A. Moore, H. A. Moore (seniors), K. D. MacMillan, Miller, Lash (juniors), F. W. Langley, D. G. Boyd (sophomores), councillors for the years indicated.

Mr. H. W. Brown has been ill, and in order to thoroughly recuperate his strength he will shortly visit Germany.

Mr. I. O. Stringer, B. A., and Mr. T. J. Marsh, members of the Wycliffe College Missionary Society, will take up missionary work in the far north; the former goes among the Esquimaux and the latter will be stationed at the Mackenzie River. At the annual meeting of the society the other evening, addresses were delivered by Mr. N. W. Hoyles, Mr. Stringer, Rev. Septimus Jones, Rev. Canon DuMoulin and the Bishop of Algoma.

Mr. W. Parks while working with an electric battery the other day received an extra shock. He is rapidly recovering.

At the last meeting of the Natural Science Association Mr. Preston was the essayist and Dr. Pike described the proposed new chemical laboratory.

Mr. W. J. Loudon, B.A., presided at the meeting of the Mathematical and Physical Society on Thursday of last week. Mr. J. F. Howard, B.A., read a paper on Games of Chance, considered from a mathematical standpoint. He showed the reason of marvelous runs of luck from the theory of probability, and pointed out that there was nothing phenomenal about such luck. He then dealt with the Geneva Lottery, showing that a man who invests in a concern of this kind does so at an enormous disadvantage, inasmuch as the value of his chance to win is far below the prize he is awarded if successful. Mr. W. O. McPaggart, '92, gave a history of the gyroscope and explained various forms of it and other instruments involving the same principle. Mr. G. Anderson, '93, read a historical paper on the various mechanical devices, ancient and modern, used to measure. On motion of Mr. McLennan, seconded by Mr. Merrill, it was resolved to defer the publication of the papers read before the society during the present year, until next fall.

The old-time election spirit seems to be reviving in University College, and the whole of this week small knots of students might be seen in the corridors engaged in earnest conversation, and with that air of secrecy assumed by "men of many schemes." Startling developments are being looked for, and everyone is on the *qui vive*. The adherents of the old Outside party are waiting in anxious expectation for some movement on the part of their old-time opponents, the Federals, who, however, are preserving a Sphinx-like silence as to their intended movements. It is generally known that the Federals will not enter a contest as a party, but a rumor is current that they intend to work together and by so doing make their influence tell. At the time I am writing this chat it is impossible to say what form the parties will take, but if there is a contest at all it will have to be between two sections of the Outside party.

JUNIOR.

A Year Ago.

For Saturday Night.

Only a year ago to-day
The snow was lying white,
Drifting across the old pathway,
And the moon was shining bright;
You and I together, love,
Plodding across the snow,
Only a year ago to-day,
But it seems so long ago.

Only a year ago to-day
A whisper low and sweet
Found its way from your heart that day,
Which mine came glad to greet;
And you and I together, love,
Happy and free from care,
Tramping across the snow-drifts deep
That lay in the pathway there.

Only a year ago to-day,
But sometimes to me it seems
That the golden day which has passed away
Comes back to my heart in dreams,
When you and I together, love,
Went roaming across the snow
Only a year ago to-day;
It seems like twenty now.

Only a year ago to day,
Ah me! our hopes were high,
But darkness gathered across our way,
And they withered soon, to die,
And you and I together, love,
With hearts that were weary and sore,
Parted and went our different ways,
To meet perhaps never more.

Only a year ago to-day,
And I am here alone,
And you are out on the world's pathway,
Afar from love and home;
You and I together, love,
Who once were happy and glad,
Are waiting with aching hearts and sore,
For life is so very sad.

Only a year ago to-day
The snow was lying white
Over the fields and the old pathway.
It is lying so to-night,
But you and I together, love,
With steps that were softly slow,
Went roaming across the snow-drifts deep.
Only a year ago.

MARIOR LISLE.

"Love."

For Saturday Night.

I dreamt that I sate in a chamber
On a throne of jasper and pearl,
With a purple canopy o'er me
Like sails that the winds unfurl.
Fair slaves were gathered around me,
Sweetest music filled the air
And throbbed till my heart re-echoed
Each strain that vibrated there.
And forth from the throng before me,
Steps a maiden of form divine,
With a crown of the brightest sunbeams,
And eyes that like dew-drops shine.
She pauses a moment before me
Then, gliding like some fair dream,
She hands from a golden salver
A cup, that to me doth seem
As if wrought by the hands of angels
From the fountain's glittering sheen.
In a voice like the falling waters,
Her lips form the sweet request
That I dream of the heaven-brewed nectar
Which the lips of cherubs have kissed.
"Fair maid," said I, "Will you tell me
Thy name and who thou art?"
And she drew from the folds of her garments
A fluttering, bleeding heart,
As she murmur'd, "I'm known as Love."
Then, rising on silvery pinions
Like the wings of a snow-white dove,
She laughed like a splashing fountain,
And passed far out of sight,
While I stood like one entranced
Gazing far into the deep, black night—
Searching in vain for that fairy-like dream,
For with her had fled my heart.

Brantford. H. CAMERON WILCOX.

March.

For Saturday Night.

When chilly rain succeeds to snow,
And snow in turn doth chill the blood,
And dikes and ditches swollen flow,
And John, the miller, eyes the flood:
When whistling Jerry drives his team
O'er roads that jar and jolt his cart,
And flasks of tired horses steam,
And mud bespatters every part;
Then in the cedars sounds a sweet
And slender note, "Pe-weet, Pe-weet."

When doves are bridling on the eaves,
And each doth tell his mate his love,
And sap, forerunner of the leaves,
Is running in the maple grove;
When Marian thinks of Easterside
And ribbons new for Sunday-best,
And hopes in June she'll be a bride;
When Sol sinks monstrous in the west;
Then in the cedars sounds a sweet
And slender note, "Pe-weet, Pe-weet."

H. W. CHARLESWORTH.

When From the Tense Chords of That Mighty Lyre.

I.

When from the tense chords of that mighty lyre
The Master's hand, relaxing, falls away,
And those rich strings are silent for all time,
Then shall Love pine and Passion lack her lore,
And Faith seem voiceless. Man to man shall say:
"Dead is the last of England's Lords of Rhyme."

II.

Yet stay, there's one, a later-laurelled brow,
With purple blood of poets in his veins;
Him has the muse claimed; him might Marlowe own;
Greek Sappho's own! men's praises seek her now.
Happy the realm where one such voice remains!
His the drops wreath and the unsevied throne.

III.

The wreath the world gives, not the mimic wreath,
That chance might make the gift of king or queen.
O finder of undreamed-of harmonies!
Since Shelley's lips were touched by envious Death
What lyric voice so sweet as this has been
Blown to us on the winds from over seas?

THOMAS HAILEY ALDRICH in *Century*.

Vermouth.

Thou canst unbind, by potency unique,
The tangled skein of misty souvenirs,
And bring again, defiant of dull years,
The mantling pulse of youth unto the cheek.
Urged by thy warmth, the fairy loves to seek
The roses of a past that disappears;
And by some recollection that endears,
Once more, in charm, forgotten words to speak.
The sunlight of the past will then return,
Warming the soul; and I, O blessed boon
And resurrection of the things that fade,
Recall the happy days, for which all years,
When first I heard on Venice's lagoon
The soft adagio of a serenade!

F. S. SALTER.

Between You and Me.

LENTEN tide has come with its comparative lull in the larger amusements and its answering wave of religious observance. People multiply their ordinary church goings, deny themselves meat and raiment such as their soul loveth, feel rather righteous and sometimes a little uncomfortable and tempersome. Because to those who store up all their self-denial for use in these short six weeks, Lent is a very uncomfortable time. It is difficult to say to a questioner who has come to me in an envelope, just what she should do, particularly, in Lent, which she should not also do all the year round. Self-denial, to be beneficial, must be a habit, not a fitful freak. Religion to be a blessing must be a part of oneself, not a garment worn for a few weeks each spring. Church going ah, there should be a lot of that, when one can give the time to it, if one feels the holy influences that nestle round God's altar and brood over those whose souls bow before it, but if, as dozens do, one pops in, drops on one's knees, races through the service and before the last Amen has done echoing in the holy place hurries out into the sunshine or moonshine with a mind full of business or care or nonsense. I can't see exactly how the church going works any good in one.

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One little prayerful, penitent, secret thought hovering over the busy worker; one little ray of good-tempered sunshine shining all day on the crowd one passes, touches and parts from; one gentle wish for the betterment of the busy mass; one sudden checking of the censorious and hasty judgment; one hard-wrung forgiveness for the weak or erring, especially if weakness and wrong injure our own precious selves, are the buds that blossom into bonnie Easter lilies, on the upholding stems of religious observances. Serious thoughts these, my correspondent, but Lent is confessedly the time for serious thinking, and at any rate, you may as well begin now as any other time. As to the Lenten penances and fastings and mortifications you inquire about, I am the worst person in the world to advise you, but if you really want to know what I should like to tell you, get your "Bible book" as a dear "wee lassie" of my acquaintance says, and read the fifth and two following verses of the fifty-eighth chapter of Isaiah. You know I am so practical a body that I always irked a little at the idea of casting bread on the waters. I do so like to pop it into hungry mouths and watch them eat it. Now, this may not be orthodox, but you should not expect orthodoxy out of a newspaper editor.

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It is hard to deny oneself, but I think self-denial is easier than being put out of reach of the desired indulgence by circumstances. It is easier to say "I might do it if I liked, but I choose not to," than to be forced to say, "I want it, but I shall not get it." There comes a bigger stimulant with the act of self-denial than with the enforced deprivation. Perhaps most people would prefer submission to active renunciation, but I don't. In fact, it didn't need the serious confirmation of a hotel waiter guiltless of humor, to convince me that "they also work, who only stand and wait," and I am one with my dissatisfied little Sunday scholar who declared she would get dreadfully tired of Heaven if she just had to stand around and sing. Hard things seem rightly or wrongly, great things. One reason why homœopathists don't sweep the city clear of filthy draughts and powders is because, firmly rooted in the darkest corner of the people's intelligence, sits a conviction that medicine to be efficacious must be hard to swallow and bitter to taste. The little innocent globules, the wishy-washy tiny bottles are so easy to down, so childish with their drops and spoonfuls! Like Naaman we want to do some great thing, when all the while a dip in Jordan is all we need!

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I wonder how many people who saw Mr. and Mrs. Kendal play Still Waters, suffered as much as I did! Oh dear, oh dear! My head grew heavy and my eyes began to close when I felt the atmosphere of the English country house, minus its merry house party, stealing over me. I was ashamed of myself, that I felt so, but, dear reader, did you ever stay with a quiet, dull couple, in a cosy, beautiful, well kept English country house, where the meals come on like clock-work, where immensely long letters are written (mercy knows what about), where magazines with paper knives are always on chairs and sofas, where they have bed-room candles, and bagatelle boards, and where you have to discuss the weather—to-day's, yesterday's, to-morrow's—where your free and independent American ways are tolerated because you are beloved, where you ache and squirm and wilt, and long for a sensation, an escapade, yea even a fire, to relieve you from this bondage of the day's routine. It all came back on me as Mr. Kendal and old Peter dozed, and Mrs. Kendal and her niece yawned and wandered aimlessly about, magazine and paper-knife in hand. They did it well, too well. I hope I shall never see them do it any more!

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I was reading in an English paper to day a tirade against cyclists. Now that the dear wheels are out again it made me wonder whether the people who rave against the riders for wanting a free path along the thoroughfares, realize that there are two things we can't do which pedestrians and horseback riders and drivers are able to accomplish. We can't back up, and we can't stand still. Many a time I have had to dismount and wait because the people ahead of me did not seem to realize this; once, no twice, I was under the awful necessity of reversing the perpendicular of members of the sterner sex, who hadn't found it out. Please,

"Be kind to the cyclist, her heart is so warm,
And if you don't stop her she'll do you no harm."

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I am told Spanish Court etiquette is a fearful and wonderful thing. It allows certain of the grandees to put on their hats in the presence of their sovereign, while it forbids anyone to touch the person of the sovereign under all sorts of penalties, and in consequence there is a good deal of difficulty about chastising the present monarch when he shall deserve it. The Queen of Spain, we know, "has no legs," and for practical purposes the King of Spain has no—birchable surface.

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A funny discussion has been going on across the herring pond as to whether an officer can demand a salute from his men when the officer is not in uniform. Some say yes; a good many say no. The inextinguishable "Labby," in his delightful paper, *Truth*, argues the point in his usual inimitable way, and finishes up by a ridiculous comparison between the Bench and the Army. "Labby" inclines to the belief that the officer in mufti is unreasonable to demand the salute from a soldier who may be unable to recognize him without his trappings, which is of course common sense. "A judge," he says, "lays aside his judicial authority in a general way when he leaves court. But, for all that, in his vacations judges make orders in their dining rooms, or even in their bed-rooms, arrayed in no more dignified garb than a dressing-gown. There is, I am told, a case on record in which a chancery judge heard an urgent application in a bathing machine, and actually granted an injunction while divested of all clothing whatever. An officer can hardly, so to speak, be more in mufti than that."

LADY GAY.

Individualities.

The many London friends of the late W. J. Florence, the comedian, are delighted to hear that his estate will produce the handsome sum of $200,000. It is reported that Mrs. Florence will again appear on the stage in a piece specially written for her.

A novel feature which is proposed in connection with the World's Fair, is a sort of subterranean theater. An elevator, capable of holding one hundred persons, will start on a trip into the bowels of the earth every few minutes from an entrance arranged to look like the mouth of a mammoth cave.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, together with their son and daughters, are enjoying the sea air at Eastbourne; and it is satisfactory to learn that the Heir Apparent, as also the Princess of Wales, are recovering in a measure from their late terrible affliction. As for Prince George and his sisters, it is also gratifying to be able to state they are in fair health.

Countess Russell has a host of friends at Walton on-Thames, and she has received a letter, signed by over three hundred people, offering heartfelt sympathy for all the trouble that she has had brought upon her. The letter observes that had the Judge who tried the case brought by the young Countess against her husband for judicial separation known her—as "they had"—since her childhood, he might not have summed up in the way he did.

Whoever studies attentively the physiognomy of Leopold II., the present King of the Belgians, cannot fail to be struck with the rigid look of his countenance, which rather repels advances. And this physiognomy does not belie the King. He is not, and cannot be, a favorite with men; he lacks the personal gifts to attract them, and he lacks besides his father's astute wisdom to manipulate them; and this not so much because he is wanting in intelligence—indeed, he is most intelligent—as that imagination and the softer qualities are little developed in his nature.

The Emperor and Empress of Austria are certainly to be sympathized with on account of the sad illness of their youngest child, the Archduchess Marie Valerie. This young lady is ten years the junior of her late brother, the hero of the Meyerling tragedy. As our readers are probably aware, this ill-fated Prince was from his earliest youth fond of writing, having inherited his literary tastes from his mother, and being quite young when his first work was published. The young Archduchess Marie Valerie also possesses literary gifts, and has published poems that betray genuine feeling.

Attention has been called to the fact that England's Queens Regnant have hitherto run in pairs—Mary I. and Elizabeth, Mary II. and Anne—so that when this country gets the first it may naturally look out for the second. There is a hope, though, that the spell may break this time, as the analogy is not complete. The Tudor Queens finished up their line, dying childless, and a successor had to be invited from another kingdom. The Stuart Queens also died leaving no living children, and their legitimate heir, their own brother, was rejected by the sovereign will of people who had determined to stand no more nonsense from a royal line that was pretty well played out and required replacing.

Coming events cast their shadows before. Berlin pickpockets who cherish the intention of paying Chicago a visit next year, will do well to bear in mind that they will have due attention paid them on their arrival. In conjunction with the Columbian Exhibition Committee, the Chicago police authorities have requested those of all the large European cities, the Berlin Police Pre'ecture among the rest, to send them lists as well as photographs of all the well known pickpockets and similar characters, together with a description of their persons, weights and measures. In addition, each of the foreign prefec ures is furthermore requested to send one or more detectives to Chicago to work in harmony with the home force.

When the "professional beauty" first broke upon London society, Mrs. Langtry had a rival in Mrs. Cornwallis-West, the wife of Colonel Cornwallis-West of Ruthin Castle, Wales, Lord Lieutenant of Denbighshire. She was of Irish descent, a granddaughter of Lord Headfort, and, until she dyed her hair a golden hue, was a typical Irish beauty. There was no fairer sight in all London than that of Mrs. Langtry and Mrs. Cornwallis-West walking down Rotten Row of a morning with fair Adelaide Neilson between them. And now, one of the beauties of London is Mrs. West's daughter Daisy. *Maitre pulchra filia pulchrior*, they say. When she was presented at court, only last summer, her beauty created a sensation, and she was recently married to Prince Henry of Pless, eldest son of His Serene Highness the Prince of Pless, who is attached to the German embassy in London.

A Seasonable Allegory.

IT WAS on the whitest kind of a white winter morning that Silas Drummond made his first appearance on the main thoroughfare of Scuttle Hole. He was a tall, angular man, with a military bearing, whose dignity only served to draw attention to his most conspicuous feature. This feature consisted of a jet-black mask, or false face, which fitted him so closely and perfectly that at a short distance it gave him the appearance of a negro. But upon meeting him face to face it was plain to the observer that he wore a mask of crape. Although he attracted the attention of every one, he didn't seem in the least disconcerted by the open-mouthed wonder that he caused.

Children would wa ch him as he approached, only to fly, as though pursued by an evil spirit, before he was within a hundred feet of them. Women driving along the road would watch him as he passed, and seldom failed to follow him with their eyes until he had completely vanished. Although the black crape mask made Silas Drummond the most talked of man from one end of Scuttle Hole to the other, it had not the effect of ruffling the serenity of his spirit in the least.

He lived in his own simple way, without a companion, in a little cabin, unpainted, and almost as black as his crape mask, just below the little graveyard on the outskirts of the town.

Many were the speculations of the gossips of Scuttle Hole to account for Mr. Drummond and his weird eccentricity. There was an almost uncanny fascination about it, that grew day by day.

Some thought that the black crape mask could be worn only by a criminal, in short, a fugitive from justice. Others argued more charitably that it might have medicinal properties, such, for instance, as would make it a blessing to any neuralgic sufferer. At any rate, the mystery remained unsolved, no one caring to presume on a nodding acquaintance to ask Mr. Drummond for an explanation of what they considered, after all, was a matter that concerned none so much as himself.

When Mr. Drummond walked through the streets, he held his head in the air, as if he were proud of his black crape mask. It was noticed by all who came in contact with him that the mask fitted every feature as though it had been made from a mould of his face. Upon each side of it there was an aperture that encircled the ear, and served to hold the mask firmly in place, so that there was no chance of its ever falling off and exposing the features of Mr. Drummond to the public eye.

Many conjectures were made relative to his connections, and many believed firmly that the man with the black crape mask was not of sound mind; and the longer he lingered in Scuttle Hole, the greater the mystery became. He was more than a nine-days' wonder, and interest in him never abated. He was never seen in church, or, in fact, at any other public gathering, and no one had more than the slightest acquaintance with him. But at every store, where two or three were gathered together, he was the unvarying topic of conversation. Folk wondered how long he had been wearing the crape mask, and how long he would continue to wear it, and if he kept it on at night when he went to bed.

Finally, the people of Scuttle Hole began to feel that the presence of Silas Drummond, with his black crape mask, was exerting an uncanny influence over them that it was impossible to shake off; and a deputation of prominent citizens waited upon the Rev. Eliphalet White to ask him to call upon Mr. Drummond, and to get from him, if possible, an explanation of his very strange behavior. The reverend gentleman was not over-pleased at the commission he was called upon to execute; but in response to a demand which appeared to be general, he consented, fully believing in his heart that the welfare of the community was at stake.

He started for Mr. Drummond's weather-beaten abode near the lonely graveyard late on the afternoon of a stormy winter day. It was snowing quite hard, and the wind seemed to be blowing in every direction. As the Reverend Eliphalet White stood before the cedar-dotted graveyard, through which the snow was whirling in mad eddies that seemed to his excited imagination like the ghosts of those worthies buried below whirling in a wild waltz to the weird fantastic music of the wind, he did not feel in the most cheerful frame of mind. He thrust his chin as far down between the points of his great-coat collar as possible, and, looking toward the ground, hurried on. It was but a few steps to Mr. Drummond's abode, and he was soon at the gate. There was but one light in the house, a candle with a fitful, uneven flame that made an effect anything but pleasant. There was a smouldering log on the hearth that brightened up a bit when a gust of wind came down the chimney. The room was almost dark, but still the clergyman could see, beside the fire, a pair of white hands clasped in the darkness. At first they were as perfectly still as though they had been carven marble, th n they began to move, the fingers of one hand drumming upon the knuckles of the other. Then the hands separated, and became invisible.

The clergyman was almost too frightened to knock on the door, until the log blazed up, and he discerned that the hands, in becoming invisible, had been simply thrust into the pockets of the owner, Silas Drummond. The blazing log showed him brooding in silence, as he looked into the embers through the eye-holes in his black crape mask.

"If only to break the awful spell, I will knock," said the trembling clergyman.

When he had done so, Silas Drummond arose suddenly, and, opening the door, bade him enter and be seated. The Reverend Eliphalet White did not feel at all at ease as he accepted the proffered chair. The wind was moaning without, and the windows rattled, and he remembered the flying snow dancing like ghosts in the lonely graveyard, and here he was, sitting opposite the man with the black crape mask.

"I trust, sir," began the clergyman, "that you will pardon me for this intrusion. And I trust that you may appreciate the delicate nature of my errand, which, I can assure you, is a very unpleasant one."

He could see two eyes glisten through the holes in the crape mask during a painful silence of some seconds.

"I have been sent by many worthy members of my congregation to pray that you will give me an explanation of your habit of wearing a crape mask."

The clergyman felt greatly relieved when he had thus delivered himself.

"I am a singularly unfortunate man," replied Mr. Drummond. "I have a mental peculiarity—I call it a mental peculiarity simply for want of a better name—that is possessed by no other man on earth. I have no inner conscience. If I may so put it, I am all outer conscience; and my great misfortune lies in the fact that instead of thinking within, I think without, so that my thoughts, being visible on my face, may be readily read by anyone who chances to meet me. For this reason I always wear a mask, and keep away from my fellow-men, until I know that my thoughts are of such a character as to bear the most critical scrutiny. If I shake hands with any man, I will thereafter think within, while he will think without as I do now. And he will think without until he shakes hands with another, when the latter will be afflicted as I am now. I don't think you would dare to shake hands with me," said Mr. Drummond.

"What! I wouldn't dare to shake your hand!" replied the Rev. Eliphalet White, feeling all the virtuous strength of his good life tingling in his finger-tips.

"There!"

He extended his hand, and Mr. Drummond took it.

"Now look in the glass."

The clergyman did so for a moment, and burying his face in his hands, said:

"Give me the mask!"

Mr. Drummond removed the black crape mask for the first time, and handed it to the clergyman.

When he returned that night to his own fireside, many of his parishioners were on hand awaiting his arrival in great suspense, to ascertain the result of his mission. When he entered the room with the black crape mask on his face, there was a great commotion. Although his face was not visible, he acted in the same mysterious way that had characterized Mr. Drummond. He seemed filled with a dreadful boding. His wife almost fainted, as she asked for the explanation of the horrible fascination of the black crape mask.

"Ah, would that I dare take it off," he said.

He then made an explanation of his visit.

"I will shake your hand," said Deacon Briggs, one of the most highly esteemed men in Scuttle Hole.

"I would rather not, deacon," replied the clergyman. "I think I need the black crape mask for some time to come."

But the deacon, either out of what he considered a kindness to the clergyman, or to show the confidence he felt in the purity of his thoughts, grasped the hand of the latest owner of the black crape mask, and when he looked in the glass at the end of the room, he held his handkerchief over his features until he could hide his countenance behind the welcome shadow of the black crape mask.

In a short time the mask changed faces so many times that no one could be found who cared to shake hands with its owner, for the fear of having to ask for it.

For the many, many years that the black crape mask remained the wonder of Scuttle Hole, it covered the features of this man. It then became a belief that amounted to a superstition that no man could possess it, without using it as a screen for the thoughts that burned upon his features. But this, at least, proved to be fallacious. The impossible is always coming to pass.

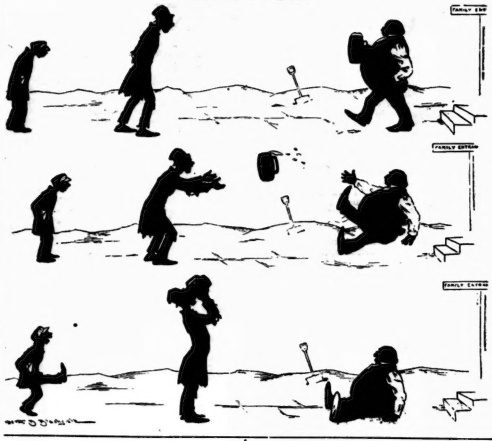
The black crape mask has found at last an owner whose thoughts are of so pure and chaste a character that they would bear the sharpest scrutiny of the severest moral critic. He lives in a halo of the people's love; he is the idol and model of all who glory in walking the straight and narrow path; he is at once the joy and the envy of the Rev. Eliphalet White; he is the man whose mind is never sullied by an impure thought. He is, in short, Dominick Funshoe, Scuttle Hole's practical plumber.—

R. K. Munkittrick in Puck.

An Anxious Inquirer.

"Well, what luck?"
"Pot luck."
"How much was there in the pot?"

The Beer Was Saved.



Art and Artists.

Mr. C. M. Manly has an interesting collection of forty-seven pictures now on exhibition at Matthews'. Six are oils and the balance water colors. The water colors include many beautiful little pictures. The largest one, No. 11, a Street at Point Levis, Quebec, has fine drawing and is good in color. No. 7, In the Harbor of Rye, Sussex, is a good bit. No. 19, Bracken in October, is a beautiful piece of color. Perhaps there is nothing better on exhibition than No. 32, Times of Peace; Fort George, a picture with sheep, which are particularly well drawn. Nos. 33 and 34 are pictures of a similar character and of great excellence. There is a slight tendency towards "deadness" in Mr. Manly's coloring and this may account for the fact that there is hardly a ray of sunlight on exhibition. The six oil pictures do not do Mr. Manly justice. The coloring is eccentric and the quantities are ill-adjusted. Several of Mr. Manly's water colors have been sold.

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Mr. Verner is sending two beautiful cattle pieces to the English Royal Academy exhibition. The coloring of each is particularly beautiful, and that of one furnishes an agreeable contrast to the other.

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The hanging committee for next May's exhibition was appointed at the O. S. A. meeting this week. It is probable that the humble comments of your obedient servant and others will induce in the minds of this year's committee a more realizing sense of their duties than possessed last year's committee. Some weeks ago a prominent and reverend member of it, who took exception to some remark of mine, admitted that last May's duties were crowded into a day and a half, and the older members were kept busy restraining the vagaries of the "kid." The result was that anything and everything were accepted and put up higgledy-piggledy.

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A suggestion, and a first-class one, has been made in regard to the hanging of pictures at the next exhibition. It is proposed that the pictures be grouped, those by one artist being placed all together. This would necessarily lessen the committee's duties and there would be no more complaints about pictures being skyed or placed behind the steam-heaters.

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By the way, the idea of a spring exhibition at all seems an unfortunate one. Who wants to buy pictures in the springtime, when one expects to spend a summer in the country or at the Island? How often the artist gets the answer, "Well, we'll see what kind of work you do bring in after this summer." It seems to me that the month of December would be the best in the year for an exhibition of the kind. People spend more money then, and Christmas presents are considered. I know that May is the exhibition month according to the law, but is the law wise?

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At the annual meeting of the Art Students' League, held Tuesday evening at their rooms in the Imperial Bank building, the annual reports showed the league to be in a flourishing condition. The following members were elected to hold office during the coming year: Mr. R. Holmes, president; Mr. W. D. Blatchley, vice-president; Mr. C. W. Jeffries, treasurer; Mr. Wm. W. Alexander, corresponding secretary; Mr. D. F. Thomson, recording secretary.

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A Canadian artist, Charles Alexander, who is now in Paris, seems little known here. At Galt and in the possession of the artist's brother, are a couple of his best efforts. One of the two, called Drinking at the Streamlet, is a large canvas with a beautiful painted figure, a peasant girl on her hands and knees drinking from the stream as it flows by. The background is a richly painted summer landscape bathed in sunlight, and shows masterly treatment. Another by the same artist is a large canvas in the same tone and style, called Gamins at Play. It has three figures in it, and is also a fine work. The former picture was hung in the *Salon*, Paris, 1889, for which Mr. Alexander received the foreign medal. The pictures would be a splendid acquisition for the O. S. A. gallery if they could be got hold of.

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Mr. J. H. Wilkinson has completed a pair of marine pieces in water color for the Ottawa exhibition. They are both fine pictures; in fact, I do not think Mr. Wilkinson has ever done anything better.

CHAD.

The Accommodating West.

Smythe (the artist)—By Jove, it's a shame! All my vermilion's given out.

Bland Ebbets (the scout)—Jest wait a minute an' I'll go an' scrape some off'n that Lo's face firing at Indian).

A COLORED SKETCH.

Written for "Saturday Night" by Maxwell Gregg.

"How d'ye, Miss Mary!"

In front of our house there was a little flower garden, not of much account, but still sufficient to give me pleasure in caring for, and of an evening in summer I loved to potter about among the plants and shrubs growing there. I was thus amusing myself when addressed as above. To be sure I knew the voice without looking up, for every evening, regular as clock work, Uncle Joel, as we of the village called him, passed the door on his way to the post-office for letters, which, I am afraid, never came. It pleased him, though, to ask the postmaster "if der wair mi com'n'cation fur Mistah Joel Johnsing," and perhaps, too, it gave him a certain amount of dignity in his own estimation, but in truth I believe Uncle Joel would have been the most surprised of all people had a letter been handed him. I remember hearing of some village wag long ago slipping an envelope well filled with blank paper to the poor old fellow, of his almost falling in a faint when he received it, and of the disappointed expression which passed over his face when he discovered the joke. Still he plodded regularly day after day to enquire for the long-sought letters, and at the time of which I write was apparently as full of expectation as when he first stepped to the wicket, a s'ranger—and somewhat of a curiosity too—in the village.

It is a long time e since Uncle Joel came among us. So long indeed that I do not remember his advent, but local history records that his appearance in the little Canadian village, "jes at'er de wah," caused considerable commotion, for bless you a negro in those parts then was as unknown as he would have been in Ireland. From the beginning this son of Ham was the character of the town. I do not mean he was the town clown, far from it, for with his quaint way and gentle manner he commanded a great deal of respect in the community. Well do I remember with what youthful astonishment I used to gaze upon his dusky face, with what silent enthusiasm I listened to stories of his Southern home, of his slave days, of his negro melodies he would sing them to me, and when I grew to womanhood there was a deep respect in my heart for old Uncle Joel, a respect which hangs about his memory still.

Time after time did I hear his stories, in the telling of which he showed an untiring delight. For my part I never tired of listening to his droll talk, and the evening in question when he spoke to me over the fence I was in a mood to hear him spin a yarn, so stopped him by "good evening, Uncle Joel," said I. "How are you to-night?"

"Fo'r'fo', miss, tol'r'fo', consid'rin'," he replied, coming to a standstill by the gate. "Course dis ole niggah ain't as strong an' hea'thy es he uster be, but he's tol'r'fo', miss, tol'r'fo'."

"Are you going to the village?" I enquired, thinking of some way to draw him out, but not knowing just how to go about it.

"Yaas, miss, yaas, jes' gwine ter de pos' fur en' com'n'cation der maybe fur dis ole cit'zen."

"Well, come in on your way back and have some of our new home-made wine," I said, feeling sure that if I once got Uncle Joel inside the fence and outside something to eat or drink, the whole world could not keep him silent.

"Ver' well, chile, an' thankee fur bein' thoutful ter er po' ole niggah es I air." So he ambled off to return shortly.

"Course 'tain't de love uv de wine I'se come fur, miss, un'stan' dat klyur," said he when I had seated him in an easy chair on the veranda and given him the wine with a few buns, "but w'en er young lady 'a good nuf ter ask er po' niggah ter partook uv how'ab'ly dat ole niggah ain't gwine ter 'cline er perlite in'tation ter imbibe. I'se gettin' er purty ole chile jes now, chile, an' I ain't gwine ter make misef 'dis'grew'ful ter en'body fur de sho' time I hes ter hang ter dis airy 'ith. Un'stan' dat, miss, un' un'stan' dat I'se 'umbl' grateful fur dis, many kin'uses yo' hes show'd ter me, an' I ud hev mighty po' taste ter refuse er dainty et yo' han's, mighty po'."

Then he took a sip of the wine and a bite of a bun, after which he smacked his lips as if quite satisfied regarding their quality.

"I'se gettin' full uv rheumatiss," he went on, "an' jes 'bout some ter de 'clusion dat dis kyntry ain't de right climet fur dis wuthy cit'zen, but course 'tain't wuf de few yeahs I hes lef ter wandah back ter de ole home wher de cotton blossom grow; 'sides I ca'clate de Lawd am gwine ter fix up de win' ter suit de sho'n tammy, ain't He, miss?

"Yaas, dey wair good ole days 'way back 'foah de wah. Sum'un may say der air bettah times now'days, but dey wair ole de tracks, ca'se I ain't gwine ter say nuffin' 'gainst de ole times w'en I uster run 'bout 'mong de cotton fal'r. Pyhaps ef I hed er fambly hyur I ud be mosh content luk, ca'se yunno ot ain't de mos' lightful thing 'n de airy ter live 'lone 'n er ole cabin 'ith sojhin' ter do an' no'un ter conversate 'ith. 'Cordin' ter my ca'clation de niggah wair mighty site bettah 'foah de wah. 'Course, pyhaps I ain't got er sin' ter see de 'hole 'n propah light, but I know dis niggah hed er purty good time 'foah ruin an' 'nastation come to de ole plantation 'way down South."

"Did the war break up the family, Uncle Joel?" I enquired, well knowing what he would say in reply.

"Jes' ruck'n der ain't er stick er stone lef 'bout de ole place. Et wair not my family, miss un'stan," he said, with a chuckle, perhaps at the idea of having a family of his own, "but po' ole Marse Frank's. Yo' see ole Marse Frank he gone dald long 'foah de wah an' jes' missus an' young Mistah Frank lib 'lone ef'er while 'long come Miss Grace, missus' niece from New Orlyens, ter live 'ith missus, an' I twel yo' dat wair es purty fine kyrul es en'body ud lay eyes 'n.

"Course I wair younger 'n dem days 'n I air now, an' de niggahs 'bout uster say I 'us er purty fleck sample uv duskiness, an' w'en I wer uv made up ter Lavinny de brak folk 'clude dat we wair jes er match an' orter get spliced straight 'way; an' w'en I all uv er troubled—Gord, I'se newah gwine ter furget dat day—brace up ter ask ole missus lief ter marry Lavinny, an' w'en she larf at me an' twel me ter mind, Lavinny uv course of I 'spinted ter, I fell right down 'pon de flouh an' kiss de ver' hem uv her dress, I 'us so jolly. 'Course I nigh hev know'd dat de missus 'ud newah 'fuse en'thing ter en'body, but yunno 'n er case uv weddin' et air er leetle diffrunt an' yo' cain't twel jes how ter tak 'em.

"Me an' Lavinny got married an' missus she give me er leetle cabin, an' I twel yo' dey wair purty happy times we hed 'foah de wah. Lawd, how dem niggahs uster 'cun'gate 'round de cabin uv nights ter sing an' dance ter de light uv de moon. Et ain't hyur er der ter twel uv de times we uster hev. 'Ca'se et ain 'long 'go an' jes' luk er dream ter look back 'pon."

Here Uncle Joel became silent so long that I began to think no more would be got out of him that night, when suddenly he continued:

"Presen'ly de wah break out, Gord, sech times es dey wair. Young Mistah Frank he wakin er-way ter fight fur he's side uv de kyntry an' Missus an' Miss Grace wair all er-cryin' an' er-wailin' so es jes' 'bout tre'k dis niggah's hair. Un'stan' me an' Lavinny wair kin' uv well up 'n de es'mation uv ole missus an' young miss, 'ca'se dey sort uv luke ter me. Et times we ud heyur how de fightin' wair gwine, and onct sum'un gone twel us dem times dat young Mistah Frank wair shot dald 'ith er bullet plumb fro' he's hair. Den she took on mos' dre'ful, an' 'pears luk she wid die, but Miss Grace an' Lavinny nurse her back 'gain ter life. Gracious, of dat boy hadn't come back I sa'er missus ud gone kiyur out her hald. But he did come back jes' w'en de wah wair hot. Et wair ar'er dark one night w'en he come all er shiv'rin' luk es of he had er chill, an' w'en ole missus clap her eyes 'n him she cry out: 'Thank Gord my o'ny son am livin'.' Den der wair myster'us doin's fur er while an' me an' Lavinny c'udn't un'stan' et, 'n de wuld 'til missus call 'em 'n'er room an' twel us dat Mistah Frank wair hunted by er sojers fur bein' er spy 'pon 'em. She wair all broke up 'bout dat 'pon 'em. She 'ud come ter he' 'bin 'way ter he' death, an' she twel me un' Lavinny not ter 'cun'gate 'round 'pon 'em, 'ca'se dat Mistah Frank wair congeal 'way up 'n the dark room.

"Dey am tol'r'bl' buss, air dey Miss Mary, an' 'pon dis niggah's honah I'se gone fro' dis airf fur er good many yeahs—lemme see, twainty an' foah am twainty-fo'ah, an' foah am twainty-eight, yaas, I'se twainty-eight 'n'er 'wintah.'—(He was past sixty, but the poor old soul had no more idea of how to calculate his age than an infant in arms.) "An' newah, 'pon my honah, did dis niggah care 'cross sech 'licious buss."

As Uncle Joel had finished what I gave him I took his words as a gentle hint for more, so brought him a second supply.

"Well, I 'clare," said he, throwing up his hands and rolling his eyes, "er de honey ain't gone got dis fool niggah mosh. 'Foah ev'thing dat's good I sa'ar no dark meanin' wair hid un'neat dem wair mine, miss, an' ef yo' jest er inc'rec reconstruction 'pon dem, I'se flah'gast' sorry, I 's.

"An' newah, Uncle Joel," I said, "there are plenty more. Tell me, though, of Mr. Frank."

"Yaas, chile, yaas, I wair wan'rin' fro de sub jec' un'er discussion. Well, yo' see de position uv 'fairs wair dis: Young Mistah Frank he wair hid 'way up 'n er dark room, an' no'un know en'thing 'bout et 'cept me an' Lavinny outside ole Missus an' Miss Grace. Few nights af'er Mistah Frank come home I wair settin' outside de cabin won'rin' how de wah wair gwine, w'en all uv er sudden up come er lot uv sojers and waint to'rds de house. 'Gord,' I say ter Lavinny, 'dey air af'er Mistah Frank,' an' er lump 'rose ter b'g er 'tatp' ter dem, I 'll thote somehow an' mighty neah choke er brel out er me.

"Er hollerin' ter Lavinny come 'long we run ter de house, but ter fo' I 'ach de sojer tongues run I ever hed, an' de laigs wair mos' broke off dis niggah. Ca'se I wair precious weak with fesh an' tremble ter fo' Lavinny wair ahead 'cos' 'bout faintin' fur me ter know ef dey take Mistah Frank ter de camp es er spy et ud kill ole missus es dald es er dosh nail in 'ed.

"Jes Lavinny an' me wair ter de house, who sh'ud come out uv de doah between two sojers but Mistah Frank hiase'f. 'Lawd, dey hev got him, Lavinny,' I sa'ar, an' ef I ever! fur et 'peared ter me my lungs mus' hev gone bust up fur I couldn't 'speak louder 'n er whiepph of et'ar wair he save de life Mistah Frank his se'f. Den dey all turn ter go 'way, an' jes es dey wair gwine pas' me an' Lavinny, de moon kin' uv come out strong an' shine kiyur 'n Mistah Frank's face.

"'Good Gord, sojers,' I sed, jumpin' fo'ard, 'yo' ain't got Mistah Frank et all, fur dis ain't dat gem'un, but de younger lady, Miss Grace.'

"So et wair dat boo'ful lady, an' w'en I see her dress up 'n Mistah Frank's sojer un'form with her purty face all pale ish 'n de moonlight, I wus so p'rit sed dat I hed ter cry out ef et did cost Mistah Frank he's life."

"'Pooled,' cry one uv de sojers, an' Miss Grace she larf out loud, kin' uv hysteric es of she wair gwine ter 'splode, an' w'en she fell down 'pon her knees 'foah de cap'un an' pray ter him not ter foilah Mistah Frank who bed fow, fur she loved him, an' he's po' ole mother she loved him, an' dat she wair ready ter die fur him so es de ole missus hadn't got no 'ope ter lose no gal'un gem'un twel he's man ter get out uv de way, an' den presen'ly dey wair all gone an' lef me an' Lavinny 'ith es young missus 'n er dald faint 'n de ground.

"'Oh, Lavinny,' she cry w'en she come round, 'he am safe an' he's po' ole mother too.' Den we waint ter de house an' who es po' ole Mistah Frank wair not flew et all but wair still congealed way up 'n de dark room jes es quiet es of he 'us dald, fur Miss Grace hed give him suffin' ter make him a'eep so es he ud know nuffin' bout what wair gwine 'n b'low, an' w'en he come roun' ter he's sense an' fin' he wair liveed fro' de han's uv de en'my dey wair sech gwine 'n es ud do po' eyes good ter see, fur der wair nuffin' but huggin' an' kissin' 'ith Miss Grace an' Missus an' Mistah Frank. Me an' Lavinny feel so good dat we jes sot to an' hug an' kiss each other es ef we wair es comfrit er-gain. Yaas, chile, et wair jubilee times."

Uncle Joel lapsed into silence again, and I said nothing to him for I knew his thoughts were far away and not of the brightest.

"'Yaas,' he at last said, as if summing up what he had been thinking of; 'Yaas, Lavinny gone dald soon af'er de wah 'ith er consumption uv disease, an' lef' dis po' ole niggah 'lone fo' ebermoah.

"'Yaas, Ange' Gabe call she away jes 'foah missus, an' young miss an' Mistah Frank sot out fur New Orlyens ter leave de ole home ter sheriastin rack 'n' ruin, an' I wair too broke 'ith liveed fro' de han's uv de en'my dey wair sech gwine 'n es ud do po' eyes good ter see, fur der wair nuffin' but huggin' an' kissin' 'ith Miss Grace an' Missus an' Mistah Frank. Me an' Lavinny feel so good dat we jes sot to an' hug an' kiss each other es ef we wair es comfrit er-gain. Yaas, chile, et wair jubilee times."

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Soulful Longings.

Mr. Mulhooly (at the Zoological Garden)—**Sure, I'm longin' fur liberty these poor moonkeys are.**

Little Daughter.—**Is that what makes them look so Irish?**

A Freak of Fate, by the Earl of Desart; St. Katharine by the Tower, by Walter Besant; The World, the Flesh and the Devil, by Miss Braddon; In the Heart of the Storm, by the author of The Silence of Dean Maitland, are among the late issues in the popular Red Letter Series, and can be had at all bookstores.

At the Pantomime.

Dolly—The idea of the creature exposing herself like that! I should be ashamed of myself.

Priscilla—So should I—if mine weren't a better shape!

$10 00 Round Trip Suspension Bridge to Washington, D. C., on March 15, with privilege of visiting New York, via Erie and Lehigh Valley Railways.

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The Feminine Knee.

The make-up of the feminine knee prevents women from following many masculine pursuits. The knee joint in women is a sexual characteristic. Viewed in front and extended, the joint in but slight degree intercepts the practical lower limb of the leg. Viewed in semi-fixed position, the joint forms a smooth, ovoid spheroid. The reason of this lies in the smallness of the knee-pan in front, and the narrowness of the superior surfaces of the tibia and femur, which in man form the la'eral prominence, and this is much more perfect, in man, as part of a sustaining muscle. Women have less leverage in the knee and the leg, as in them the muscles designed to keep the body fixed upon the thighs in an erect position labor under the disadvantage of having a shorter purchase than the corresponding muscles in man have. A man has a much longer purchase in the leverage existing between the trunk and extremities than a woman. The feminine foot, comparatively speaking, is less able to sustain weight than that of a man, owing to its shortness and the more delicate structure of the bones. Women are well constructed to stand many hours consecutively and every day. It is safe to affirm that they have instinctively avoided certain fields of skilled labor on purely anatom'cal grounds, in which the shallow pelvis, the peculiarity of the knee, and the delicate nature of the foot would be violated, says the *Medical Record*. These, as parts of a sustaining column, undeniably leave something to be desired. Even the right to vote would not confer on womankind the right to be soldiers. Equality, it appears, is quite as much an affair of the knee as of the brain.

Gooney's hat and lunch basket, but the other foot went straight to the mark, and the despairing squeal that followed indicated a sudden death in ratland. When the excitement had subsided and Mr. Cooney had gathered up the fragments of his basket and hat, the generous audience tendered a round of applause to Mr. Bailey and Mr. Cooney that made the chandeliers tremble. Then Neodamia climbed down from her perch and the performance proceeded.

A Leap Year Problem.

Do women themselves desire to be permitted to pop the question whenever the fancy takes them, or do they, as a body, prefer to wait modestly to be asked to give themselves in marriage? It is impossible to say without a universal canvass (says a writer in *Once a Week*). Hitherto American girls have been still content to keep silent until the right man came and plucked the flower of his choice. Are they beginning to grow weary of this reserve enforced by public opinion and public usage? Do they yearn to have an unlimited power of selection, to go around, saying to this man or to that man, "Be mine?" Before they make up their minds in the affirmative, they should have their eyes open to the possible consequences. In the first place, it must be admitted that if any woman is seized with an uncontrollable inclination to propose to any individual man, she can do so. Nobody prevents her; nothing stands in her way, if natural modesty does not. If, however, it became the fashion for women to propose, what would be the consequences? Well, many things might happen, most of them detrimental to female happenings. Conceive what would be the state of mind of a lord of creation who had had his heart, including the hand and heart of a number of amorous women! There is a natural fitness in the man's asking and the woman's waiting to be asked. Man is, as a general rule, the bread-winner in the battle of existence. Women certainly do, in many cases, work, and work hard; but they are not supposed to work, while man is supposed to work. It comes to this: The man, as a rule, has three things to offer to the woman, or is expected to offer them—love, labor, and money. The woman, very generally, has only love. The position of a woman proposing reverses the position, the undignified one of a person saying: "Will you give me support? In return, I can offer you—someone to support." On the other hand, public opinion in this matter sometimes may press hardly on the woman who has all to give, who is an heiress, perhaps, and in love with a dollarless but proud man. There are not unnumerous cases in which wealthy girls have missed happiness because they could not speak, because the man would not, lest the world should whisper, "Money, not love." This, however, need not be seriously discussed. If a woman has a timid suitor, and wishes to let him know she loves him, and desires to be his wife, she can do it without saying, "Will you marry me?" There are a thousand little ways, and every girl in the world knows them.

A Young Writer.

An old newspaper man is reported by an exchange as making some remarks which may be of use to readers who aspire to be writers for the press. In his younger days, he says, he was a reporter for the New York *Herald*, under the elder Bennett. One day Mr. Bennett sent for him. "Young man," said Mr. Bennett, "I notice that in your efforts to find men whom you have been instructed to interview, you never enter a hotel." "Never enter a hotel!" the reporter answered. "No, sir; you invariably write that you 'drifted in,' 'drifted' you do drift in you never meet the man." "Never meet him!" "No; I observe that in every case after 'drifting in,' you stumble on against or 'stumble across' the object of your pursuit. I wish that in future you would simply walk into the hotel and meet people. That's all, sir." The reporter was angry. He prided himself upon his literary style. "Mr. Bennett," he said, "I have been writing now for nine or ten years, and have worked on several newspapers as good as the *Herald*. I flatter myself I know something about the English language and—" "Young man," interrupted Mr. Bennett, "did you ever read how a man once boasted to Sydney Smith that the stick he carried had been twice round the world, and how Smith took the stick, and after carefully examining it, said, 'And yet—and yet it is only a stick after all!' The reporter was angrier than before, but this time he said nothing. He expressed it himself, he "maintained a tumultuous silence," and did not drift, but went somewhat hurriedly out of the room.

The Poet and the Star.

There was a poet in olden times
Who lived a star; but he lived in rhyme,
For it took much more than he earned with rhymes
To pay what it cost for the star's champagne.

Economy.

Mrs. Trotter—I hear that all three of Mrs. Barlow's children have the measles.

Mrs. Faster—Yes; so I understand. They're so poor that they have to economize on the doctor by all getting sick at once.

Visible Evidence.

First Foreigner (in New York)—I wonder what building that is!

Second Foreigner—That must be the City Hall. Don't you see the Irish flag floating over it?

Incompatible.

Lonely Leggit (taking his first mouthful of the Kind Samaritan's refreshment)—I am afraid this preserve won't agree with me, sir.

Kind Samaritan—Why not?

Lonely Leggit—It seems to hev worked.

False Delicacy

Spiegeldingel—Vy pulls dey down dose buildings already yet?

Einstein—It vas on account of dot Anthony Gomstock. He don'd like dose naked valls, ain'd it?

Got Too Much of It.

Mrs. Croaker (indignantly)—Why, you used to say that I sang like a bird, before we were married!

Mr. Croaker—Yes, but you don't often hear birds singing in their nests, and you're at it all the time.

About Conversation.

It has come to be more and more a maxim of good manners, not to mention good morals (says the *Lancet*), that scandal is never to be talked in the drawing-room. So thoroughly is this recognized that if a woman is heard, in good society, talking of unpleasant personalities, she is at once set down as an intruder of the place, and not as one either to the manor born or who has been long enough with people of good breeding to acquire the proper tone and taste. Very likely many of these high-bred people in question, who are to the manor born, hear gossip and scandal, and perhaps listen to them a too willing ear; but it is in privacy, in the depths of boudoir or chamber. The forbidding of the enjoyment of scandal in public is, at any rate, an acknowledgment of its vulgarity, if not of its wickedness. It proclaims, too, the fact that society thinks well of itself and its intentions, and has a standard of some loftiness up to which it endeavors to live, and that it recognizes an interest in the possible ill-doings of fallen mortals as something intrinsically low and coarse and calculated to hurt its own structure, an interest in such facts anyway as indicative of an order of taste not to be desired, and its possessor a person not to be associated with. It may be simply as a sybaritic precaution, ease and pleasure being so much sought, when no uncomfortable suggestion thrusts in an ugly head, that unpleasant topics of an unwholesome nature are tabooed in the conversation of the finest drawing-rooms. But whether this is so or not, it is plain that good society would like to be optimistic; it would believe in no evil and would speak no evil; it has found that the essence of good manners is also the essence of the golden rule, and as the voice of scandal violates all its notions, it has laid upon such utterance within its borders the penalty of ostracism.

A Snowshoe Tramp

A SKETCH.

(Written for Saturday Night by Maple Leaf.)

A brilliant moonlit winter night in our dear old ice-bound Canada. The calm hush over hill and valley is broken only by the distant roaring of the falls, which have not yet acknowledged their allegiance to the Frost King. The intense cold causes a crackling and snapping amongst the twigs and branches of the stately old trees that border the lawn on either side of the quaint old stone mansion on yonder rising knoll. The stars twinkle and look down with their bright, sharp eyes as though in contemplation of the merry party that suddenly bursts upon the quickly opened door in one of the wings of the house, and which is as quickly closed again, shutting in the flood of light and warmth, and keeping out the rush of cold air which strives to enter.

We call little for Jack Frost. Who are we? We are five—or to be more explicit, I am Madge, aged eighteen. The one with the red—auburn hair is Bess, my sister, who is some years my senior. Likewise connected, and two years my junior, is the pert one with sunny hair and active, squirrel-like movements, who bears the undignified cognomen of Molly. I never did like that name someway. The remaining and youngest girl is Jeanette, the flower of the flock, and who eclipses the beauty of the rest of us in the line of beauty she has bestowed with lavish hand upon our young sister. Small and slight, with a wealth of bright brown hair, a fresh pink and white complexion, a pair of intensely sparkling and clear dark blue eyes, so dark indeed as to be almost taken for black at first sight; a mouth a little too large perhaps for perfect beauty, but admirably designed for disclosing the faultless rows of pearls gleaming through the laughing red lips. This is Jeanette, a veritable *La Belle Canadienne.*

What am I like? Oh, I forgot—I didn't tell you. Well, perhaps it was because there was not a great deal to tell. First, I suppose your mind of any lingering suspicion you may have formed that I am handsome, for indeed I am not. I am, it is true, very good-natured and teeth (I say it with all modesty, be it remembered), but I am too tall, much too tall, and angular and (may I say it bonny). Here will I remember in my childhood the intense longing and desire to be beautiful that used to possess my inmost soul, and I know not whether to be most amused or disgusted when I see the vain attempts to render my complexion like the heroine's in my favorite stories—but all to no purpose. How often have I seen the rest of other members of the family had retired, applying coatings of lemon juice, wet bran, oatmeal and a hundred and one other devices to my long-suffering countenance, and eagerly would I spring from my slumbers on the morning following, wash off the vile preparations, and in a tremor of doubt and expectation consult my mirror, only to find, alas! that I was not one whit more beautiful than before; in fact, on one occasion I had plentifully covered my face with a mixture of oatmeal not unlike porridge, and in the morning I presented a very sorry appearance, the skin having puckered and drawn itself into ghastly wrinkles worthy of an old crone of eighty.

However, this is a digression, and with added years I have attained my full growth and am content with a complexion which, if not beautiful, is at least clean and fresh.

Well—where was I? Oh yes! I told you about the feminine portion of our party, and in shorter time than I have taken to tell you all this our male companion has assisted us in the proper adjustment of our snow-shoes, for, for things those snow-shoes are too, with their finely woven net-work, which although so delicate in appearance is really a strong and durable. A gaunty turned up at the toes to prevent tripping, they are finished on either side of the toes and tails with short brilliant tassels of wool, which bob up and down so gaily as every step.

Our companion, Mr. McCarren, is "ye vil'age pedagogue," and is to be our guide and escort on our proposed tramp. Tall and firm is Mr. McCarren—in fact he answers fairly well to the description that Jeanette, who prides herself on her specifically, gives us in private after her first interview with him, when asked by Molly what he looked like.

"Neat, tolerably dressed,
Fresh as a bridegroom, and his chin new-reaped
Showed like a stubble land at harvest home:
He walked and talked like a militiaman."

"Now you see him," said Jeanette, "direct from Shakespeare's own fingers, barring the perfume."

Of a morose and variable disposition, this young man is not at all times the most agreeable of companions, but as he is almost the only available specimen of his kind, we simply drag him in to our service as escort on this and all similar occasions, and are fain to be content. To-night, though, is an exception to his general mood, and he enters into the spirit of the hour with as much zest as the gayest of us, and is not at all behind in ready replies to the quick shafts of wit and repartee we are indulging in.

Being in perfect readiness, marching orders are given, and clasping each other's hands away we tramp across the level fields of spotless whiteness, making the echoes ring with some well known air. We sing as only those can who sing from sheer lightness of heart, and as the brisk walking sends the warm blood coursing through our young veins we bid defiance to the biting crispness and coldness of the glorious winter air.

A few minutes' tramp brings us up to a fine log fence skirting the edge of a pine grove. The snow is drifted as high as the top rails, and it is a simple matter to step lightly over the remaining one. We release each other's hands and scramble helter-skelter over the obstruction, my own graceless self bringing up the rear. Upon reaching the other side I stride jauntily forward with the intention of walking abreast with the others, when presto! my shoe catches in an unnoticed treacherous hole and I am precipitated head foremost into a snow-drift, in a most undignified heap. Mr. McCarren rushes to the rescue and drags me forth, with my mouth half filled with snow and one shoe off, after the manner of "my son John." I am vigorously shaken and thumped till my superfluous coating of snow has disappeared, and "Richard is himself again," being none the worse whatever for my tumble, with the exception of a slight wound in my feelings, caused by Molly mischievously remarking, "pride always went before a fall," and she knew I was taking that fence altogether too light and airy a manner to look where I was going. I reward her impertinence with a well directed snowball which lights square on the top of her head, spattering a glistening shower of crystals over the crimson velvet toque, producing a very charming effect indeed, although I take good care not to tell her so, on the principle of not wishing to foster vanity in her youthful brain.

Our destination, we have decided, will be the residence of Mrs. Ames, an old lady who has been to us as a sort of godmother—not a fairy god-mother though, as there is nothing in her ever suggestive of a fairy about dear old Mrs. Ames, who, on the contrary, is very substantial and homely indeed, but withal possessing a great big heart full of love and a hearty welcome for us, as we know full well.

Three miles of ground is steadily covered before we reach the bend in the road which brings the house in question into view. Perched on a high slope rests the white wooden house surrounded by old gnarly apple trees, while from the tall brick chimney ascends a dense smoke that assures us we will have a warm welcome in more ways than one.

To reach the house is not the work of a couple of minutes, and untying our snow shoes we toss them in a heap on the little verands that runs around three sides of the house. Hardly waiting for a response from within to Molly's impatient knock, we rush in pell-mell, greatly to the surprise and delight of Mrs. Ames.

Our wraps are bundled off in answer to Mrs. Ames' command, rather than invitation, to "lay off," and we are forced into dangerous proximity to the huge square stove, so persistent is the dear old lady in her efforts to make us warm our feet, although we earnestly assure her that we are not in the least cold.

Allan, her son, a great hulking fellow, rough and ungainly in speech and appearance, greets us with evident pleasure in his shy, awkward way, with the exception of Mr. McCarren, to whom he merely vouchsafed a surly grunt, and then goes into a distant corner of the room, from which retreat he furtively watches us from beneath his half closed eyelids, as he sits with his chin resting on his cheek. Not long, however, is he left in peace, for his mother suddenly turns to him and says, "Here, Allan you lazy fellow, stir yourself, stir yourself, man! Fetch in more hard wood for the stove and fill up the kettle."

Having delivered these peremptory orders, she betakes herself to the neat painted cupboard with its glass doors, hung with red cotton curtains, and takes therefrom tumblers, tumbler sugar, biscuits, and a small paper which she proceeds to open.

Jeanette makes a wry face at me which I virtuously ignore, although in my heart I reflect it, as I know only too well what that same little parcel contains—ground ginger!—our particular abhorrence, and of which concoction we are compelled to librally partake on any and every visit to our dear old lady. Refuse to drink it! Were it a dose of bitter aloes we would attempt, ay, and accomplish it, rather than grieve or offend the motherly heart.

Allan has "stirred himself," and has succeeded in filling the big stove with great blocks of wood till it fairly roars and shakes with wrath and indignation at our intrusion.

The tin kettle hisses and sings merrily, and the lid dances up and down as the steam rushes against it, threatening every moment to give it a final jump on to the yellow painted floor.

Allan has taken down from its nail on the wall a yellow covered almanac, and ensconcing himself once more in his comfortable corner appears to be completely absorbed in deciphering the musty jokes at the bottom of each page. Occasionally a grim smile overspreads his swarthy face as something tickles his sense of humor, although he has read these same jokes over daily since the beginning of the year, and will in all probability continue to do so until the New Year ushers in a new edition for his edification.

Placing her tumblers in a row on the red and black-spotted oilcloth which covers the deal table, Mrs. Ames puts a quantity of the despised ginger and a large amount of sugar into each of them. (It is well known that fondness for sugar is a failing in our family.) Then she adds a spoon to each, explaining as she does so that "the glasses will not crack when she pours the hot water into them, if there is a spoon in them." In goes the hot water, the glasses behaving very well indeed, thanks to the spoons, and up boil nice little lumps of ginger that have not yet dissolved, and go prancing gaily around on the top of each glass.

We turn our mouths with the fiery compound and eat countless sweet biscuits, and on the whole, thoroughly and heartily enjoy our little feast.

I have sat at costly and elegantly prepared meals since then, but never with the same feeling of pleasure and joyous, careless happiness that possessed me then, and on similar occasions. Ah, me! Those halcyon days—the very memory of them comes like a refreshing breeze to me weary heart, in after years of misery and sorrow. Enough! These thoughts are out of place here, and have wandered in like a welcome guests to a joyful banquet.

We finish our repast, after much prowling on the part of our hostess, who assures us that "you have tasted nothing, not one of you," notwithstanding our protestations of rapid disappearance of the great plate of cake and biscuits.

Molly seizes a tin pan and I a dish towel, and without paying a heed to Mrs. Ames' vigorous protestations we wash up the glasses and clear the table in a twinkling, and order reigns once more.

Mr. McCarren starts one of his interminable and very uninteresting stories—a sad failing of his, which we good-naturedly bear to him in view of woe he inflicts on us, and all about himself.

"That reminds me," said he, concluding the narration of a wonderful snow shoe tramp he had one time taken, "that reminds me of a great tobogganing scheme I tried one day last winter. It was this way—I was out tramping and had got pretty tired, and the thought of my walk I came to a very long steep hill, which, as it lay directly in my route, I had to descend. The idea suddenly struck me that I could get down pleasantly and quickly by using my snow-shoes as toboggans. The crust of the snow was frozen firm and hard, and I put my bright idea into execution by grasping the back part of the shoes firmly in each hand, at the same time giving myself a vicorous jerk forward in order to acquire the necessary impetus, and in less time than it takes to tell I was at the bottom of the hill."

During this wonderful recital, Allan had been watching the speaker with ill-concealed dislike and disdain, and hardly had the last words left Mr. McCarren's lips when we were all startled by a loud grunt from Allan, "maybe you did, man, but you'd sit a mighty long time at the bottom of that hill before you'd slide up again."

Had a thunderbolt fallen in our midst we could not have been more surprised, and throwing all sense of politeness and good breeding to the winds we burst into peals of merry and unrestrained laughter, in which Mrs. Ames joined delightedly, for she considered Allan had said something exceedingly clever—for him. Mr. McCarren smiled a very weakly smile and pretended to enjoy the whole thing, although we knew very well he did not, while Allan betook himself back to his corner and beloved almanac, vouchsafing us not another word during the remainder of our stay.

Poor queer old Allan! He has been at rest for many years now, but I don't think he ever conquered his dislike for our poor friend McCarren. However, that was not at all wonderful, as the latter was a man possessed of but a single idea—an altogether too great opinion of himself. He always made me think of a sentence of Voltaire's I once read: "Ideas are like beards; men do not have them till they are grown, and women never have any;" but poor McCarren, although he managed an apology for a beard, never reached the stage where ideas sprouted.

The good old-fashioned clock, with the purple and gilt roses painted on the lower half of the glass door, warns us by ten buzzing, rumbling strokes that it is high time our farewells were said, so we accordingly say them, once more donning our wraps and begin our homeward march, followed by Mrs. Ames' hearty wishes and blessings.

Crossing a small stream fettered by icy chains, we ascend a high hill, by which course we intend to shorten our homeward journey. On arriving at the top of the eminence, we stand wrapt in silent admiration at the beautiful scene which unfolds itself at our feet. Far below us to the right is a flat plain, graced here and there by clumps of noble evergreens proudly wearing mantles of dazzling, spotless ermine, sprinkled with countless myriads of glittering gems. To the left, a grave white birch gleams with ghastly paleness, each bare limb with its coating of snow shining like a silver sceptre, wielded by the invisible hands of some mystic monarch of the forest. Several snow-white hares, startled by our approach, hurry by in fright and an instant later are lost to view in shelter of the friendly bushes. Over all, the moon, in pale cold splendor, casts her weird light, completing and lending an almost unnatural brilliancy to the solitary beautiful picture.

An inexplicable feeling of quiet and sadness takes possession of each of us, and sobered and impressed by the majestic grandeur and intense stillness surrounding us we continue our way in almost unbroken silence.

Within the shelter of our own walls and seated by "our ain fireside," we partake of hot coffee and cake, prepared for us by the dear mater, who has been anxiously awaiting our arrival. We deliver to her all Mrs. Ames' messages, and recount our adventures, with the exception of Allan's remarks, which we wisely refrain from repeating, out of respect to Mr. McCarren's feelings. However, when he takes his departure we do not feel bound to silence, and we laugh once more over stupid old Allan's wit.

An hour is spent in music, in which we all take part, and our evening is thus finished by a most enjoyable *musicale*, for we are all fair musicians.

Tired, weary and happy, we retire to rest, and wishing each other a hearty "good-night" we are soon lost in dreamless slumber.

Au revoir, reader.

Job's Endurance.

A man may bear up patiently for hours under trials of physical endurance, but when provoked to tears, we cry out. But why should we suffer thus? There is a sure and prompt cure. "Bethany, Mo., U.S.A., Aug. 4, 1884. I suffered for years with neuralgia, but was finally cured by the use of St. Jacobs Oil. T. B. Sherer."

A Straight Answer.

Mr. O. Turk—Oi hear thot Micky wor hurt in th' blast yisterday.

Mrs. McPhee—Thrue fur you.

Mr. O. Turk—An how is he gettin' along?

Mrs. McPhee—Oh, he can't complain.

ST. BENOIT, County of Two Mountains, Feb. 1st, 1882.

MR. S. LACHANCE,—Sir, a thousand thanks for Dr. Sey's Remedy, which I bought at your Drug Store. It is a medicine which is worth ten times the price you sell it for. With a single bottle I cured myself of an affection of the stomach which prevented me from working; I have in addition cured three of my children who suffered from bile and indigestion. It is the best purgative I have ever seen.

WIDOW JOSEPH LEDUC.

Couldn't Catch

"Aren't you afraid of catching some terrible disease, doctor, in the practice of your profession?"

"Oh, no; never. I am well inoculated. Before I went into medicine I was a base-ball player. Muffed everything."

For Seasickness.

USE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

Dr. Price, of the White Star S. S. Germanic, says: "I have prescribed it in my practice among the passengers travelling to and from Europe, in this steamer, and the result has satisfied me that if taken in time, it will, in a great many cases prevent seasickness."

Didn't Mention Her.

Mrs. Spiggs—I know that woman was saying something horrid about me. I could tell by the way she looked at me.

Mr. Spiggs—My dear, you do her injustice. She didn't mention you.

Mrs. Spiggs—What did she say?

Mr. Spiggs—She asked if I was near-sighted.

A Chemical Change.

Farmer Baldwin taking his load to the cider mill.

Farmer Baldwin taking his load home from the cider mill.

Correspondence Coupon.

The above coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

JAMINA.—No coupon enclosed. See rules.

ROSEBUD.—Your handwriting shows a love of beauty, ambition, some wit, love of social intercourse, gentle decision and good self respect are in this dainty chirography. So far as it goes it is a pretty and pleasing study.

LILLIAN B.—Explanations about the "Correspondence Coupon" are surely unnecessary. It stares you in the face. Sends these two weeks, nothing more. It is a pity how dense people can be when they don't trouble to think about things.

KIDNEY, Beamsville.—This is not a very original hand. It is honest, generous, rather assertive, decided and the writer is decidedly amiable. There is good concentrative power, just judgment and a little temper, and is neither buoyant nor despondent.

NITA V.—This is the writing of a very discreet and self-contained person, genial, decided in opinion, a little self-conceited, fond of number one, but has a tender heart and very warm affections, and is of a broad and generous mind, but should practice sympathy and make allowance for others who do not see things exactly as you do. Good delicacy and honesty are shown.

IRIOS, O hawa.—Write to F. C. Allan, King street west, for directions for Physical Culture and Home Gymnasium. The book will cost about 25 to 50. Your writing shows lack of self-esteem, but not self-reliance, considerable pride, shows talent and buoyancy, continued effort and perseverance in plans. You have a streak of humor, are practical, and would prefer your own to succeed.

JEANNETTE LA FRANCE—You are slightly imaginative, capable and apt to learn, have a breezy and bright personality, sympathetic and a little impulsive, have strong opinions and assert them frankly. You are conservative in your thoughts and ways, but have judgment and not devoid of humor. You have sympathy and are tender-hearted, but lack self-control and dignity. Strength is marred by a little indifference and nervousness.

BUTTERCUP.—1. Your hand is very contradictory, Buttercup, but shows care, conscientious effort. You are rather inclined to go to extremes, and should beware of wasting work on what won't give you good returns. You have discretion and some tenacity of purpose, lack ambition and enterprise, are kind and genial, but need culture and bracing up generally. 2 I should think you would make a good nurse if you have pluck enough to undertake to train for one.

MARGUERITE.—This is an honest, undecided, deliberate hand, conscientious in action, careful and perseverating. It lacks life and ambition, judgment is defective, emotion too strong, would probably be too easily influenced by a more firm and determined character, is orderly, patient and discreet in speech. The enclosure is in almost every particular the exact opposite. As only one coupon was enclosed I cannot delineate it more fully.

ILLICILIAWAY.—This is an energetic, persistent and determined man, with an eye to self will, tenacity, humor and originality. The passion for getting and the knack of retaining are plain. Care but not deliberation are shown. Writer probably makes up his mind quickly and acts hastily, but very rarely foolishly, is reasonably fond of society, likes to be noticed and though he will probably deny it, loves praise, would be very unselfish and decidedly hopeful, not so patient as he might be, but able to accomplish a great deal of good work.

GERALDINE.—I think your beautiful scrawl has been delineated before. It shows lack of calmness and self-control, a mind undisciplined and ambitious, good-tempered, careless, imaginative, self-willed. You have good enough material for thoughtful writing, but I think you would if you have the qualities for a successful builder. Go away and take your self with you and try it. And I read the last page of your production before this instant, you should have gone for another two months!

SYAN.—Have just come across your letter, dear girl. You seem far behind time. I think you for it, and why have you not written again? Are there no missions, Sunday Schools, or other Christian institutions needed to take you out of yourself on the day of rest and clear away the blues? Have you not some one to help, when there, lift a heavy hand clasp to you, my bright star, and may you shine ever more brightly to guide the man at the helm safe into port. Write me soon and write often.

ADA LOUISE—What a nice letter! Thank you so much for your good words. But, my dear Ada Louise, if you don't take care you will be spoiled. Don't let your self wish your letters the other way. You are friendly and conciliatory, good-natured, and have a good deal of self-reliance, careful and saving, a little artificial in manner, but on the whole honest and self-reliant. If not too tardy, please send me your best compositions.

DOROTHY.—I think I *prefer* the term "mistress." You have some precedents for using it, notably, "Mistress of Shenstone." Well, I need No apology to crave pardon for writing to me. It's come, my friend! You are impatient and a little self-willed, fond of your own opinions, fond of social intercourse and would not apt to be a promiscuous leader, yet sure to compel the attention of your associates. You are careful, inventive and inventive in style, but seem to have some pretty tastes and fancies. I think it would be hard to turn you from your purpose.

PEARL.—Your writing has been delineated before. Why don't you write if you wish? I should certainly not turn you or anyone else away who came to me in the way you mention, but I cannot do more than my readers. Therefore you had better write whenever you feel like taking time from temperance work and I will try and give you attention very soon. 2. Thanks for your precious good wishes. All the dear December letters are pleasant reading, full of kind words, and thoughts, though written, there are none the less sweet to read.

HAMILTON GIRL.—I am sorry, but am afraid that my friends would be of any use to you. Your writing shows self-reliance and a small amount of enterprise, rather an excessive self will, some self-esteem, good judgment and good sense, good discretion, some imagination, rather high opinion of yourself, are a little changeable, not very hopeful, and orderly rather than methodical, and consequently much better than most people. I notice a slight indication of carelessness which may cause character, but you do the whole, you are hopeful and cheerful.

YOUNG-MAN-AFRAID-OF-HIS-HORSES.—Why didn't you get a coupon? I presume there is an equilibrium between the two which would be just as long-winded. A great deal of quiet fun, some insinuation, companion ability and love of fun, but a little impulsive temper and tendency to show it in the presence of a blocked soul. Some artistic taste, appreciation of the beautiful, and good and considerable perseverance are shown. This appears a contradictory delineation, but not more so, apparently, than the study: hope, and love of society and fun are also apparent.

MILLIGAIRE.—1 No danger of the C. C dying out. Think it will probably kill me first. 2. Your writing shows self-esteem, care and decision. You are truthworthy, discreet and fond of a quiet laugh, have good self-esteem and strong feeling, which I suppose you are apt to conceal. You are not hopeful, not discontented, being rather well satisfied with your lot and with life, and you begin a thing you like to finish it fully and completely, and you are rather orderly and systematic, though at times I see a taste and tendency to impulsive which may lead you into what I hope to judge for myself this month about the merits of your home.

UNHAPPY GIRL.—I think the man you speak of does not value you as he should and values himself too highly. Please don't write again to have yourself invited there. He fallen in love with him. Climb out again. Don't let any man have your preference as undeserved thing when he does not value it as he ought to. Oh, girls, don't you see that the very way to make him despise you, and by and by desert you, is to act as if you were pining for him, and full of such girls, who if they only had proper dignity and self respect might make the world less full of such men.

UNHAPPY GIRL.—I think the man you speak of does not value you as he should and values himself too highly. Please don't write again to have yourself invited there. He fallen in love with him. Climb out again. Don't let any man have your preference as undeserved thing when he does not value it as he ought to. Oh, girls, don't you see that the very way to make him despise you, and by and by desert you, is to act as if you were pining for him, and full of such girls, who if they only had proper dignity and self respect might make the world less full of such men.

SEVEN.—Your writing shows a good deal of self-esteem and patience with you. Never again go anywhere to meet a man, but alone and be have yourself invited there. Men fallen in love with him. Climb out again. Don't let any man have your preference as undeserved thing when he does not value it as he ought to. Oh, girls, don't you see that the very way to make him despise you, and by and by desert you, is to act as if you were pining for him, and full of such girls, who if they only had proper dignity and self respect might make the world less full of such men.

THE ART METROPOLE

(Established to supply Artists, Art Students and the artistic public with superior materials and under the patronage of the most distinguished professional artists).

Sell only the productions of
The very best makers,
In the most improved forms,
At the very lowest prices,
And strictly for cash,
At wholesale and retail.

THE ART METROPOLE,
131 Yonge Street,
(Opposite Temperance Street)
TORONTO.

THE QUEEN OF THE SEASON

is she who pays the most assiduous attention to the care of the skin.

Indeed she goes to great lengths in the study of this subject. She never rubs her face in drying it. She never exposes it to the cold without protection. She uses only such preparations as are of standard purity and excellence.

One of the most important preparations of this class is *Alaska Cream*, which, as a skin dressing, has no equal. She writes of Alaska Cream: "As a protection to the complexion against the roughening and hardening effect of cold winds your Alaska Cream is simply superb, and as a cosmetic it keeps the complexion clear, soft and white. As it is neither greasy nor sticky and is nicely perfumed, it is most agreeable to use, and I can recommend it to all interested in the preservation and improvement of the complexion."

PRICE 25c. PER BOTTLE

STUART W. JOHNSTON
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AMERICAN FAIR

334 Yonge St. and 191 Yonge St., near Queen } Toronto

Some recent improvements in Clothes Wringers add greatly to value and but little to their cost. We keep the best makes with all the latest improvements and fully warranted.

For March our prices will be for large size, double screw pressure and double geared $2 79, worth $5
Washer and mangle $4 46
Best double Tub and Wringer Stand made $1 48.
Best Satin Glass Starch in Chrome boxes 8 c.
Rattler Zinc Wash Board 10c
Globe 17c.
Tinned Steam Clothes Pins for 5c, or 60 dozen box 65c.
These are best finished American Pins
White Chip Clothes Baskets, extra strong, 24c and 28c.
Best made White Peeled Willow Baskets, medium size, 59c, large 73c.
The best thing made in the American Bluing, 12 sheets for 8c., usually 15c.
Mrs. Potts' nickeled Irons, full set 84c; other Sad Irons 35c. lb.
No. 6 Copper Bottom Boilers, 99c., worth $1 75c. No. 9, $1 35, worth $2.25.
Covered Slop Pails, beautifully painted, 25c.
Bird Cages for all supply; solid brass spring Square Cages 90c.; $1.24, $1.45, $1.98, $2 48; square painted cages, 59c up; best made and arranged Breeding Cages 72c., worth $1.
The very best selected mixed Bird Seed with Cuttle Bone 1 each package 10c., worth 15c.
Two great stores filled with goods, figured on the same basis of cost. They are attractive to all who try them.
Come and see.

W H BENTLEY

WE RECOMMEND: P.N. CORSETS

LEADING STORES IN TORONTO And in Large Cities Throughout the Dominion.

ASK FOR THEM. FOR SALE AT ALL

I CURE FITS!

When I say I cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again, I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office.
H. G. ROOT, M.C., 186 ADELAIDE ST. WEST, TORONTO, ONT.

DUNN'S FRUIT SALINE — DUNN'S FRUIT SALINE

DUNN'S FRUIT SALINE makes a delicious Cooling Beverage, especially Cleanses the Stomach, and so long as there is life there is hope. It imparts Freshness and Vigour, and is a quick relief for Biliousness, Sea-Sickness, etc.

BY ALL CHEMISTS

The Bride's Dress

Married in white, you have chosen all right;
Married in gray, you will go far away;
Married in black, you will wish yourself back;
Married in red, you will wish yourself dead;
Married in green, ashamed to be seen;
Married in blue, you will always be true;
Married in pearl, you will live in a whirl;
Married in yellow, ashamed of your fellow;
Married in brown, you will live out of town;
Married in pink, your spirits will sink;
Married or not, you may have to toil;

ST. JACOBS OIL. St. Jacobs Oil. CONQUERS PAIN.

BUT FOR RHEUMATISM USE ST. JACOBS OIL

THE GREAT REMEDY FOR PAIN

Music.

CARLTON street Methodist church was crowded beyond the doors on Thursday of last week, when Mr. D. E. Cameron conducted a concert. The soloists were Mrs. Scrimger-Massee, Miss Anna Schumacher of Hamilton, Miss Maud Snarr, Mrs. D. E. Cameron, Mr. Sims Richards, Mr. R. H. Greene, Mr. D. E. Cameron, Mr. S. H. Clark, Mr. H. L. Clarke, Mr. W. H. Coles and Mr. W. H. Hewlett. The programme was a very good one and was well carried out. The soloists did well, and the choir sang with care and taste, though it was not as good in its soprano quality as I had expected to find it. A somewhat pretentious footnote on the programme drew attention to the doubt that reigned in the minds of the pastor, choirmaster and organist as to whether "a programme of equal merit has ever been given in Toronto for a voluntary offering." This is somewhat misleading, as some of the people who were at the concert and who read the programme might really think that the climax of "silver collections at the door (voluntarily) of not less than ten cents" (involuntary) concerts had been reached. Apart from the modest confession of excellence, this footnote, I think, does an injustice to the pioneers of services of sacred music for the public, at which the contributions are entirely voluntary, some of which—not by any means all in the same church—have not been surpassed in excellence by any but the finest concerts we have had.

*

An excellent sacred concert was given on Monday evening in the Parkdale Methodist church, under the direction of Mr. Shannon, the organist of the church. Among those taking part were Miss Minnie Gaylord, Miss Maud Snarr, and Mr. Douglas Bird, whose efforts delighted the large audience.

A tardy notice is better than none at all. I regret that the mislaying of a paragraph concerning Miss Norma Reynolds' pupils' recital on February 25, should have resulted in that function passing without notice. The hall of the College of Music was crowded, and a very good programme was given, in which selections were given by the Misses McDermid, Wartman, Wilcox, Milligan, Rosebrugh, Shanklin, Sullivan, Forbes, Codd, Burns, Taylor, Massey, Kane, Tait, Clarke, Breen, Master Eddie Reburn, and Mr. F. Welsman.

*

The Choral Society will give its concert on March 29, when Signor D'Auria will conduct his Cantata, Gulnare, the soloists being Mme. D'Auria, Mr. George Parker of Boston, and Mr. H. M. Blight.

*

The Army and Navy Veterans will give a concert at the Academy of Music on Monday evening, April 18, the programme being provided by Miss Jardine-Thomson, Miss Leadley, Mr. Harold Jarvis, Mr. E. W. Schuch, Mr. W. E. Ramsey and Mr. Edgar J. Ebbels.

*

The worthies who comprise the board of school trustees have signalized their burning ardor for retrenchment and economy by cutting down the salaries of the two music masters. After this let it never be said that the school trustees cannot rise nobly and in their majesty meet the public cry for economy. They have done so, and have saved the city endless thou—no, a few hundred dollars; and the poor music teacher who tramps from school to school, who requires as great a technical training, if not a greater one, than the principals of the schools, who remain under cover and terrorize the small boy, the music teacher, I say, is the one who practically puts his hand in his pocket and says to the ratepayers, "Here you are! Here's your money, now be content; the lamb is sacrificed!" and forthwith must take off his hat to ratepayers and school trustees and thank them, not Providence, that they have not taken all away from him. Yet on Dominion Day last, and again at the great concert when the National Educational Association was in session, was there one single citizen in those vast crowds who would have suggested that Mr. Cringan's salary should be cut down! Not one. And the men who on Dominion Day sat on the platform in all the pride of possession, with the self-satisfied smile arising from the happy consciousness of having created all this joy—children, band, teacher, music and all—were these same school trustees who now sacrifice the poor devils of music teachers to the election cry for retrenchment. I have had some experience of the singing of school children and have interested myself in the matter, and I know that the progress of our scholars under Messrs. Perrin and Cringan will compare favorably with that of the children in many cities of the United States, where much more money is spent for this purpose. The showing made by our little ones in July last under Mr. Cringan was much better than was shown at Buffalo by a highly salaried official, and I, for one, say that the action of the School Board was shameful in the extreme.

*

I see that Mme. Teresa Carreno has again taken unto herself a husband, the fortunate man this time being Eugen D'Albert, the French-English-German pianist. Some fifteen years ago, when Hima di Murska was here, it was said that the gentleman who then filled the situation of husband in her household was the seventh in descent, most of the others enjoying life in different parts of the globe. Teresa bids fair to emulate the sweet singer, her first husband, Emile Sauret, being still alive and a violinist of note in England. Her second venture was the well known baritone Tagliapietra, who is still drawing breath and occasional salary in America. D'Albert will break off the honeymoon and come to America next month, which might prove a dangerous experiment, for absence is said to make the heart grow fonder, of—perhaps—some other fellow.

*

A war of the roses has been going on in New York and Boston and affording great fun for the newspapers of those cities—the contestants being Lillian Russell and our former townswoman, Attalie Claire. Airy, fairy Lillian is the prima-donna of the Cigale Company, and Miss Claire is the chief supporting lady. The admirers of the latter lady have lately been exuberant in their floral tributes, and Lillian has put down her little foot and said that no flowers shall be handed over the footlights, or she would not play, and Attalie's flowers have had to bloom un een of the public. The story goes that the marble-hearted Lillian spurned the love of a wealthy young New Yorker, who thereupon transferred his affections to Attalie, not as a guarantee of good faith, but for publication, in order that the recalcitrant Lillian might be made to mourn. He has on several occasions sent in over a thousand dollars' worth of flowers, the last occasion being when the company played in Boston. But alas! the cruel Lillian said they must go to the carpenter's room or into the street, and Attalie's triumph was extinguished. And now the ladies have been taking the reporters into their confidence as to the other girl's age, which is "real mean, you know." In the meantime the florists seem to be having the best of the fun.

*

I always welcome the arrival of Chicago *Presto*, and none the less from its bright column of Topics, conducted by our former townsman, Mr. Draper C. Fralick. His style is incisive and direct and his ideas clear and amusing, while his cynicism and humor are pointed without being malicious.

*

On Tuesday evening Dr. C. F. Davies gave a very interesting organ recital at St. James' cathedral, displaying his great mastery over that instrument. He was assisted by Miss Norma Reynolds, Miss Bessie Bonsall, Miss McFaull and Mr. Francis T. Chambers, whose vocal efforts gave great satisfaction.

METRONOME.

A Woman's Reasoning.

For Saturday Night.

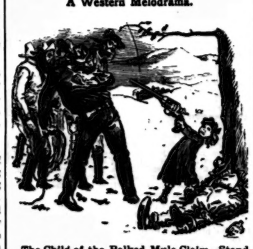
Why do I love you? This I ask.
In truth you ask no easy task,
For, let me tell you ere I try,
A woman's heart, dear, knows no why;
It blindly follows nature's laws,
And answers queries with "because."

The river, love, unquestioningly
Empties itself into the sea,
And rushes onward still—nor could
Withhold those waters if it would.
So with my heart, to you—to you,
Some hidden force, some impulse true
Guides—nay—compels me love to flow,
But why it does I do not know.

Therefore (to woman's reasoning true)
I love you—just because I do.

Toronto. MARY BROWNLEE.

A Western Melodrama.



The Child of the Balked Mule Claim—Stand back—back, I say! My father may be a drunkard and of no use to you, but he is of use to me, and the one of you who har-r-rms a hair of his head dies like a coyote!

(As the crowd disappears.) "Wonder if th' old man's got dust enough about him to buy me a ticket for Parkins's dance t'-night?"

Devotion to Principle.

It was midnight in Washington and a western Congressman sat in the boarding-house study waiting for the return of his son.

For weeks the young man had been attentive to a millionaire's daughter, and his father had urged him as he would have urged the passage of an appropriation bill to build a public building in his home town, to marry the girl and cooper the rocks, but the son was wrestling with a doubt.

He was in love with a girl who had no money.

This would never have happened if he had not lived in the country, until his father had been elected to the present Congress.

Young men who have always lived in the city make no such silly mistakes as that.

That night the son had promised his father that if possible he would ask the rich girl to be his wife, and the father was waiting impatiently to hear the result of the caucus.

At 12.15 sharp the prodigal returned.

"Well, well," exclaimed the father nervously, "what did she say?"

"I didn't ask her!" replied the young man firmly.

"Didn't ask her!" fairly screamed the father. "Do you mean to tell me you have refused to embrace the golden opportunity of your life, sir?"

"I do, father," was the simple answer.

The father was gray with disappointment and there was mildew on his whiskers.

"May I ask why," inquired the father with suppressed excitement, "you have rejected this golden opportunity, sir?"

"Father," murmured the boy coming close to the older one and taking both his hands in his own, "it was because I'm a silver man."

For an instant the western Congressman's face was hard and cold, then there came to it a flood of sunshine and taking the youth to his heaving bosom he kissed him on the forehead and said softly:

"My noble, noble boy."

Up to Date.

She—The bride's father gives her away I suppose!

He—No. He sold her privately.

In His Fright.

Burglar (appearing unexpectedly)—Lookin' for anybody, gent?

Man of the House (on the warpath)—Ah—why—er—excuse me—yes—no—why, you see the fact is, the doctor—er—told me to take exercise with Indian clubs; I—er—must have gotten this pistol by mistake.

The Visionary.

Although he seems so lucky starred,
His riches yet take wings,
Because he always works so hard
A-doing useless things.

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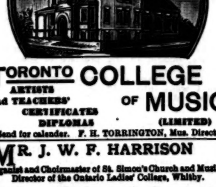

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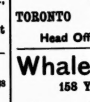

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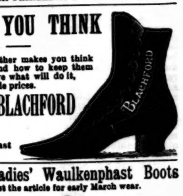

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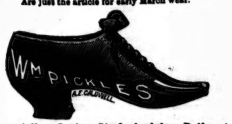

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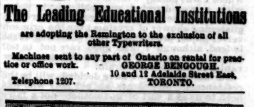

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Social and Personal.

(Continued from Page Two.)

the season has been the informal teas given by several of the well known students of Trinity College. Little *coteries* of friends have assembled on different occasions for an hour's pleasant chat over the cheering cup of fragrant tea, which is dispensed in a most deft manner by the young hosts. Those who have the *entree* to such social cosiness are fond of these impromptu reunions.

The French Club enjoyed a delightful evening at Mr. Bourlier's lovely home last Saturday. Mr. and Mrs. Bourlier were most kind and made their reception evening a most enjoyable success. The club will not meet this week, but will be received on the 19th by Mrs. Wilkes of Bloor street east.

I hear, with much regret, that Mr. Harry Fletcher has not derived the benefit his friends hoped for, from his visit to California. I am told that he will return home in charge of his brother, Mr. Esten Fletcher, who left for the west this week. A feeling of universal sorrow is felt by all who know this bright and promising young gentleman at the very discouraging reports of his state of health.

Miss Sydney Tully gave an unique afternoon tea in her studio last Wednesday, which proved very attractive and successful.

Mrs. Wm. Dineen of 230 Sherbourne street gave a very successful afternoon tea on Friday of last week.

Out of Town.

HAMILTON.

Last Tuesday evening Mrs. Brooks of James street gave a delightful progressive euchre party in honor of her only daughter's *debut*. The pretty house was decorated with palms and lilies, and presented a most pleasing picture. Mrs. Brooks was attired in a handsome gown of black *faille* and lace. Miss Brooks looked exceedingly pretty in a white gown with crystal trimmings. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Cartwright, Mr. and Mrs. Mason, Mr. and Mrs. Doolittle, Mr. and Mrs. McPherson, Mr. and Mrs. Gartshore, Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Skinner, Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Kennedy, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Mills, Mr. and Mrs. Teetzel, Mr. and Mrs. R. Hills, Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Charlton, Misses Lottridge, Mason, G. Mason, Bruce, Grant, Sutherland, Roach, M. Mills, V. Grant, Hood, Gartshore, Dartnell, O'Reilly, McKinnon, Harvey and Moore, Messrs. Ferrie, Boyd, E. Boyd, Gillies, Park, Gartshore, Harris, Bellhouse, Patterson, Grant, Southam, Julian Boyd, Gates, Duncan and Dr. O'Reilly. The prizes were exceedingly handsome and were won by Misses Gartshore, Moore and Mrs. McPherson and by Messrs. Skinner, Harris and Cartwright. After supper dancing was indulged in. Grossman's orchestra played very well.

Mrs. Robert Hobson has been visiting in Toronto.

Mrs. Hendrie, Holmstead, gave a charming luncheon last Tuesday. Those present were Misses Harvey, Faulkner, Findlay, Gartshore, Dewar, McGiverin, Dunlop, Leggat, Moreton, Gillies, Mrs. Alex. Allan and Mrs. Hugh Skinner.

Mrs. Hugh C. Baker is visiting friends in London.

Mr., Mrs. and Miss Lottridge left on Saturday evening for San Francisco, where they will spend a month or two in visiting the differ. nt hotels about California.

An enjoyable evening was spent at the Thistle Rink last Wednesday evening, when twenty or thirty young people met there and skated for two hours and adjourned to spacious club rooms for supper and a dance. Among those present were Mrs. Mackelcan, Misses Hobson, Briggs, Hendrie, Leggat, Faulkner, Dunlop, Gartshore, Turner, Lottridge, Fuller, Burns, Messrs. Gates, Baker, Burns, H. Gates, Armour, Billet, Osborne, Dillon, Gartshore, Hobson, W. Ferrie, R. Ferrie and E. Ferrie.

Mrs. C. J. Jones gave a charming luncheon on Friday to the following ladies: Mrs. Hendrie, Mrs. Crerar, Mrs. Leggat, Mrs. Gartshore, Mrs. H. Fuller, Mrs. F. Gates and Mrs. J. Hendrie.

Miss Emily Ramsay returned home from Toronto on Saturday, having spent three weeks with Mrs. Irving Cameron.

Miss Jessie Walker returned home from the North-West on Saturday. Miss Walker had a most enjoyable trip visiting Calgary, Chicago and Detroit. Her engagement is announced to Mr. Almon of Calgary, formerly of Halifax.

Mrs. Nicholson, who was the guest of Mrs. O'Reilly last week, returned to London on Friday.

Mrs. Bruce returned this week, having spent a few weeks in Simcoe.

Mrs. Ferguson of Toronto is the guest of Mrs. Warren Burton of Kenwood Lodge.

Miss Moreton spent a few days in Toronto this week, the guest of Mrs. Cawthra.

Miss Macklin of Niagara Falls, N. Y., is the guest of Miss Billings of Jackson street. Last week Miss Billings gave a delightful card party in her honor. Those present were Misses Vallance, Champ, Hobson, Mills, Carr, Fleming, Moore, Gillard, Hemming, Mrs. Payne, Messrs. Bruce, Hobson, Ball, Champ, Greening, Goldie, Payne, Harvey, Smith, Fleming and Hemming.

Miss Proudfoot of Toronto was the guest of Mrs. N. Wood of James street. SYLVIA.

PORT HOPE.

The gaiety of the season which preceded Lent was increased by some very brilliant and enjoyable society events.

Miss H. S. Paterson gave an At Home in honor of her cousin Miss Rubena Paterson of Boston, at which she entertained a large number of friends. The evening was very pleasantly spent, music and dancing being the order of proceedings.

The Misses Tempest gave a most successful progressive euchre party on Thursday. The handsome prizes which were awarded the successful lady and gentleman were much admired, while the well selected booby prizes caused much merriment at the expense of the unfortunate players.

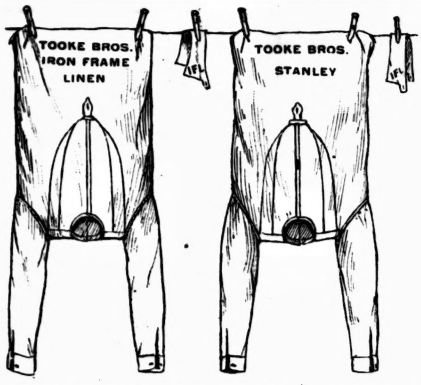
Miss Farquharson invited a large company on Monday week to meet her friend Miss Howard of Whitby. Among those present were Miss H. S. Paterson, Miss Rubena Paterson, Miss Ida Spooner, Miss Mabel Corbett, Miss Mamie Furby, Miss Maud Mackie, Miss Louise Sanders, Miss Preston, Miss H. E. Shepherd, Miss Eva Hoffman, Colonel Boulton, Messrs. Jones, A. B. E. Lafroy, Stanley Paterson, F. Budge, R. Smart, W. F. Trayes, H. Haywood and S. Bennett. A most delightful evening was spent. FRANCIS.

Mr. Score is making a new departure in opening a handsome room over his tailoring establishment on King street west, for the special use and benefit of his lady patrons, where a competent cutter, just arrived from London with a most charming assortment of cloths, tweeds and patterns, will turn out all manner of tailor-made suits, riding habits and tennis costumes in the most perfect style.

The Blacking-Out Process.

"I hear," said the Russian traveler, "that in America there is no such person as a press censor."

"Well," returned his interviewer, "that shows that you have been greatly misinformed. Wait till you see the holes the city editor will knock out of my copy!"



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This is the experience of many.

IT CAN BE YOURS

Not So Bad.

Mr. Eisenbaum—Vell, mein sohn, how vos pusiness ven I vos ouwt!

Eisenbaum, jr.—I solt von pair of von tollar pants.

Mr. Eisenbaum—Dot vos poor.

Eisenbaum, jr.—Von pair of von tollar pants for t'ree tollars an' a kewater.

Mr. Eisenbaum—Goot! Goot! You vill make a pusiness man yedt.

An Ill Wind.

The woman who sent her color-blind husband out to match some cloth, just fainted in an ecstasy of happiness at the hint his labors gave her for a combination suit.

He Beat the Tattoo.

Reporter—Great fun up at the dime museum to-night—the one-legged drummer ran a race with one of the freaks.

Sporting Editor—Who won?

Reporter—Look at the heading.

Breaking the News.

Husband—I should like to know what made you tell Robinson that you were going to Florida this year?

Wife—He asked me.

Tramp Philosophy.

Raggles—Say, Bilk, when I looks on the miseries of them wot's lost their good name I'm kinder glad I ain't never had none to lose.

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Every day next week we shall sell this important consignment at the lowest prices ever asked for first-class goods. You are cordially invited to take a look through.

Trimming department is showing a lovely range of Gold Braids and Trimmings from ¼ inch to 3 inches wide at half the price asked by any store for similar goods. Send for samples.

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WE INVITE INSPECTION

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SPECIAL SALE
OF SECOND-HAND
PIANOS AND ORGANS

Having just completed our annual stock taking we have decided to mark down and sell off the whole of our **second-hand stock** by special sale running two weeks from date.

We have nearly **fifty pianos,** good, bad and indifferent, at prices from **$25 each** and upwards, and really good organs from $20 upwards. Many of these instruments are excellent, and many of them are poor, but prices are marked to suit the qualities, so do not blame us for want of frankness. Call and examine them for yourselves.

Mason & Risch, 32 King St. West

No Encouragement.

Ted—You should give up the races, my boy. Why don't you reform and save money?

Ned—I tried it last week, but was out more than ever.

Ted—Nonsense. How was that?

Ned—I went to all the church fairs.

They Crocked.

Dinah—Shoo! Yo' mean to say yo' don't like dem brack stockin's?

Betsey—Dat am right, chile. Dey gib me a eight-day crock.

An Appeal.

Tramp (to kind-hearted woman)—I'm obliged fer the pie, ma'am, an' I'll try ter eat it; but I'd like beer instead o' this water. I'm a sufferer from chronic hydrophoby, ma'am.

Consistency.

First Great Editorial Writer—What are you writing?

Second Great Editorial Writer—A three column editorial on the curse of the cigarette.

First Great Editorial Writer—Well, let me have one, will you? I'm all out.

BEWARE of the MICROBE

From the Irish Canadian, February 11, 1886.

THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE; and if life is to be preserved and prolonged, an imperative condition is that the blood be pure, rich and active. For all the ills to which flesh is heir there is but one cause, and that cause most undeniably is viciated or impure blood. Where, therefore, the life-giving current is weak and sluggish, there will be found an enfeebled constitution, the result of germs insidiously impregnating the system with disease. These germs or microbes feed upon the blood and tissues; and when the poison of their actions set in, the end is not far off. For there are who fully comprehend the danger which lurk in the vicinity of those almost imperceptible particles which find lodgement in the human organization; and it is only when their destructive inroads became apparent that the sufferer realizes peril, and casts about for relief. All the known remedies are employed and medical science is called in—and yet a cure is seldom or never effected. The microbe or blood foe seems to be untouched by the most elaborate prescriptions; and the only effectual check to its growth and mischief, of which account is taken, is that devised by Mr. Radam, whose name has leaped into prominence within the last few years, and whose remedy challenges the skeptical to a test. His Microbe Killer is of comparatively recent discovery; but short as has been its record the proofs are many that the discovery has not been made in vain, but that it is a priceless boon to suffering humanity. You who are laboring under physical ailment may not be cured by Radam's Microbe Killer; but you cannot tell till you try it.

Wm. Radam Microbe Killer Co'y, Ltd.

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R. W. Stark, 620 Main Street, Winnipeg, Man.

☞ Mention this paper when writing.

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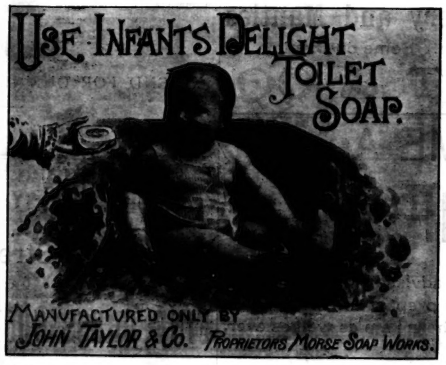

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This medicine is superior to any other for Summer Complaints, Diarrhœa, Cramps, and Pains in the Stomach and Bowels, and any other disorder of the bowels of infants occasioned by teething or other causes. Gives rest and quiet nights to mothers and nurses. Prepared only by
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Physicians who have examined a sample now on exhibition under the microscope at
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Pronounce it to be the finest extant.
Contains more Pure Cod Liver Oil than any other Emulsion on the market.
$1.00 SIZE, 75c.

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The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

HOWITT—Feb. 29, Mrs. F. E. Howitt—a son.
KENT—March 1, Mrs. Jas. G. Kent—a daughter.
NEWLAND—March 1, Mrs. A. Newland—a son.
BAIRD—March 2 Mrs. James Baird—a son.
LOUNT—Feb. 26, Mrs. Samuel Lount—a son.
ALEXANDER—March 4, Mrs. Alexander—a son.
MONTAGUE—March 9, Mrs. Montague—a daughter.
MONTEITH—March 1, Mrs. John Monteith—a daughter.
CURRY—March 7, Mrs. J. Curry—a daughter.
KERTLAND—March 4, Mrs. M. Kertland—a daughter.

Marriages.

WOODLAND—ROWLAND—March 2, George Woodland to Laura Rowland.
HUSSEY—LOCKETT—Feb 17, John W. Hussey to Katie Lockett.
NETTLETON—LYNCH—March 1, John W. Nettleton to Annie Lynch.
QUINN—MURPHY—March 1, James J. Quinn to Marie Murphy.
McLEOD—WICKS—Feb. 24, Arthur McLeod to Era Wicks.
CASPELL—VANDERBURG—March 9, Edmund Caspell to Lizzie A. Vanderburg.
ROLPH—POGONDESTER—March 10, Adam F. Rolph to Edith Pogondester.

Deaths.

SMITH—March 9, James E Smith, aged 60.
M'DONNELL—March 9, Alex Macdonell, aged 69.
YOUNG—March 6, Myles Young, aged 58.
TUCKER—March 9, Eva Tucker.
LISTER—March 8, Wm. L. B Lister.
BOLER—March 6, Minnie Jane Boler, aged 28.
MILLER—March 7, Cecil Miller, aged 10 months.
NATHAN—March 6, Mrs. T. Nathan, aged 75.
TEW—March 5, Marie L. Tew, aged 79.
WARREN—March 5, Robert Warren, aged 29.
BROOK—March 4, John F. Brook.
MACGACHEN—March 7, John W. MacGachen.
McKAY—March 8, Mary Scott McKay.
CLARK—March 4, Henry J. Clark, aged 69.
NIMMO—March 6, Alexander Nimmo, aged 79.
SINCLAIR—March 5, J. G. Sinclair.
BRAY—March 5, Janie Bray.
GORE—March 5, William Robert Gore.
BEATY—March 5, James Beaty, aged 93.
TROWELL—March 6, John E. Trowell, aged 2.
ROBERTSON—March 1, Charles Robertson.
WHITTAKER—Feb. 26, Reede Whittaker.
VENNOR—March 2, Marcus J. Vennor, aged 27.
HOAR—March 1, Arthur Hoar.

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Cut this out and we will accept it as One Dollar Cash on a purchase of $20 or over. Only one accepted on each purchase.

THIS MONTH

As an assistance to reducing our stock we will during this month of March offer the whole of our large assortment of Brass Goods, in Fire Irons, Coal Hods, Umbrella Stands, Andirons, Lamps, etc., Jelly Moulds, Tongue Moulds, Agate Ware, Copper Ware and all other description of household necessities at a 25 per cent. discount. The stock is splendidly assorted and new. With this reduction off our already low prices there can be no question as to their being lower than ever before offered in this city. "Around the Corner" is already so well known that it is only necessary to make this intimation to ensure a call from every intending purchaser.

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